Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

FEBRUARY

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

MADELEINE CARROLL

Why ARTIE SHAW Walked Out On Love and Music! Also His Farewell Hit Tune

OUR GAL SUNDAY'S ROMANCE— Radio's Engrossing Story of a Bride Without a Groom

WHAT THE "OTHER WOMAN" TAUGHT ME— The Strange Admission of a Radio Star's Wife

Beauty to the Fingertips!

DON'T COURT TROUBLE—

Don't Cut Cuticle!

Cutting cuticle is a hazardous practice to say the least! It can be painful. It can irritate or scar the sensitive surrounding flesh to an extent that the appearance of the nail is marred. It can cause troublesome hangnails. And the possibility of serious infection is always present, *even when the cutting is done by an expert manicurist!* Small wonder then that thousands of women are using Trimal as an aid to nail beauty! *You'll say it's marvelous too, the very first time you use it.*

Use Trimal—

The Simple, Safe, Time-Saving Aid to Hand Beauty

This remarkable method of softening and removing dead cuticle is simplicity itself! It actually reduces manicuring time by *one half.* It's the *safe* way to give your nails the symmetrical, trim appearance you seek. *That's why leading beauty shops everywhere use and recommend Trimal.* Just wrap the end of an orangewood stick with cotton—saturate with Trimal—apply to cuticle. Then watch the dead cuticle soften until you can merely wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed with the results. We're so sure that Trimal will thrill *you,* as it has thousands of others, *that we ask you to try it on an absolute money back guarantee.*

TRIMAL

(PRONOUNCED TRIM-ALL)

The Original All-In-One Aid To A Quick Manicure

MADE BY TRIMAL LABORATORIES, INC.
1229 S. LABREA AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GET TRIMAL AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT OR 10-CENT STORE

• *New "two-faced" coat—beige Teddy Bear cloth on one side, bright Scotch plaid on the other.*

Her "Teddy Bear" Coat caught his Eye— but her Lovely Smile captured his Heart!

Your smile is your prize possession—it's yours alone! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage.

THE RIGHT KIND of sports coat will do things for a girl—but where are her charms if her smile is tragic, if her coat says "Stop" but her smile says "Go!"

For even the allure of a smart swagger coat is shattered if her teeth are dull and her gums are dingy. How pitiful the girl who spends time and thought on her clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Avoid this tragic error yourself! For your smile is *you*—lose it and one of your most appealing charms is gone.

Never Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist.* It may not mean anything serious. Often his opinion will be that your gums are lazy—that too many soft, creamy foods have denied them the vigorous exercise they need. He may suggest, as so many dentists do, "more work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums, arousing stimulation, helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Use Ipana with massage to help make your smile as attractive and lovely as it can be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

New WINX Mascara, flexible cake, will not break.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

Your lips look youthful, moist... *the appeal men can't resist!* 4 tempting colors. Non-drying. STAYS ON FOR HOURS. Raspberry shade is fascinating with Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Try it! At 10¢ stores, *today!*

MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

FEBRUARY, 1940 VOL. 13 No. 4

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, Executive Editor — BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR — FRED R. SAMMIS, Editor

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE
IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

GOOD dinner . . . I'll see what's on the air. Crooning? No. Game? Too many ball-game programs lately. Here's a voice . . . familiar. Could it be Roosevelt? No, haven't heard of a "fireside talk" for tonight. Besides, it isn't quite the timbre, the calibre. It's pitched a little higher, for one thing. But has the same speech rhythms; the same cadences of tone.

Talks like Roosevelt . . . perhaps developments abroad have brought the President to the microphone with an unexpected announcement . . . Here's the commercial. Must stay tuned in. Here he comes again. Ah! What? "Their blood will drip . . ." Never the President! No ghastly suggestions ever creep into *his* speeches.

This chap must be a double for Roosevelt. Who can he be?

Here comes the wind-up. All right, spill it. Who? Turn up the volume! ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT! O-O-O-Oh! So that's Elliott! Well, it runs in the family . . . —Thora Thorsmark, Winnetha, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE
JUST VOICES?

Do you dread the time when the announcer steps in the middle of a program, to extol the merits of the fine product he sells. Not me.

Especially not, when gentlemen like Andre Baruch with his clear, crisp voice or the booming voice of Harry Von Zell do the interrupting.

I also admire the deep, rich mellow voice of David Ross, and the jolly, convincing voice of Don Wilson.

The highly educated voice, the flawless diction, combine to make Milton Cross also one of the finest announcers the airways offer.

Let's give these gentlemen a hand for showing us how beautiful the English language can sound when properly delivered by their highly trained voices.—John Horhota, Buffalo, N. Y.

(*Continued on page* 83)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize . . . . . $ 5.00
Five Prizes of . . . . $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than January 25, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

Lady Esther says

"Let me send you **12 SHADES** of **MY NEW 7 DAY NAIL POLISH FREE!**"

Choose your most flattering—your lucky nail polish shade—without buying a single bottle of nail polish!

WOULDN'T you like to be able to take the 12 newest, smartest nail polish shades and try each one of them on your nails at your own dressing table? You can do just that . . . and do it with amazing speed. For, in a jiffy, merely by holding one of Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips over your nails you can see exactly how each shade of polish—the actual polish itself—looks on your hands.

What are these "Magic Fingertips"?

They are life-like reproductions of the human nail . . . made of celluloid. Each wears a true tone of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You see instantly which shade flatters your hands...accents your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. See how this marvelous new polish gives your nails gleaming, exciting loveliness for 7 long days. And just one satiny coat is all you need!

FREE! Send For Your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Clip the coupon now for your 12 free Magic Fingertips. Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty . . . that looks smartest, loveliest with your costume colors.

Lady Esther's
7-DAY NAIL POLISH

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)
LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (52)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

■ Dennis Day (right), Jell-O's new tenor, confers with his music coach, Charles Henderson, the author of "How to Sing for Money."

Wanted—singers

HOW many times have you been listening relaxed after a day's work, to some pleasant music on your radio, only to have your ears assaulted by a voice which grated on your nerves, singing badly the melody of a simple tune that you felt you could hum better yourself?

That has always seemed to me to be one of radio's most irritating and perplexing faults. Why should any orchestra have difficulty finding a singer who won't aggravate the listener? Yet, let's be honest. I can't tune in my radio for more than half an hour before some singer's nasal qualities or inability to stay on key has brought my listening pleasure to an abrupt end. Because dance bands prefer girl vocalists to add a dash of good looks the singer is usually feminine.

Why should it be so difficult to find singers who possess a pleasant voice? One bandleader a few weeks ago told me that he had been searching two months for a girl whose only qualifications were basic good looks and a singing voice that came quietly and decently over the air. In those two months he had auditioned perhaps a hundred girls, given two or three a week's tryout with the band and was still without a permanent singer. He was leaving the week after he talked to me for a long tour around the country. He was hoping somewhat pessimistically that perhaps somewhere, somehow by then he would find the voice he wanted.

Yet certainly there are thousands of young people who hope some day to sing for a living, young people who have pleasing voices right now and only need professional polishing to make good on the air. Given the proper training, the greater percentage of them could become singers that you and I would enjoy tuning in, could easily bridge the gap between a promising amateur and a successful professional.

There has never been such a bridge that I know of, to cross that gap. Which is why I am so interested in the new book recently published by George Palmer Putnam. It is called "How To Sing for Money" and was written by Charles Henderson and Charles Palmer.

Charles Henderson is a music coach, probably the most successful one in radio. He is now in Hollywood and works with stars like Deanna Durbin, Frances Langford, and Dennis Day, the new singer on Jack Benny's program. It is his job to see that these stars make the most of their talents, that their voices are pleasing to us when we tune them in. He doesn't give two whoops for art in singing. Either the voice pleases us, the listeners, or it's no good for radio. All that he has learned in years of being associated with singers in vaudeville, night clubs, musical comedies and radio he has put down in this new book.

"How to Sing for Money" is written in behalf of those thousands of young people whose rose-edged dreams can be turned into wonderful reality. With the right instruction and training, they can start out on the high road to success.

That is why I am publishing in RADIO MIRROR a series of articles taken directly from this book. You will find the first chapter on page 24 of this issue. If the publication of this series brings just one new voice to the air that will add to your listening pleasure, I will count it a success. And perhaps that voice is yours?

—FRED R. SAMMIS

"Then why have I never married?"

She was one of those stunning, Aquarius types . . . tall, regal, red-haired . . . about thirty; of obvious means, and with a hand that showed personality, health, brilliance of mind, daring and romance. Fortune's child if ever I saw one.

Yet here she was confessing unashamedly that she'd had little luck with men and almost tearfully demanding to know why. Should I tell her . . . dare *I tell her . . . that the answer lay not in her hand—but in something else* that most people do not even mention, let alone discuss.*

One of the most damning faults in a woman is halitosis (bad breath)*. Yet every woman may offend this way some time or other —without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

How foolish to take unnecessary risks of offending others when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution against this humiliating condition. You simply rinse your mouth with it night and morning, and between times before engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Some cases of halitosis are caused by systemic conditions. But usually—and fortunately—say some authorities, most bad breath is due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth and gums.

Makes Breath Sweeter

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend others.

In the matter of charm, your breath may often be more important than your clothes, your hair, your skin, your figure. Take precautions to keep it on the agreeable side with the antiseptic and deodorant which is as effective as it is delightful.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS

HOW THE TELEPHONES ARE RINGING

—to tell of Tampax!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

NO WONDER Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of *the new Super Tampax* size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is *worn internally* for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is *not conscious of it*, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form; no disposal problems.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! Comfortable, efficient, compact to carry in your purse.

Three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters: Introductory size 20¢; but large economy package saves up to 25%.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG-20
New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:
( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

WHAT'S NEW FROM

■ Two of his discoveries meet—Rudy Vallee introducing Alice Faye to his new prodigy, Sylvia.

THE reports that Connie Boswell is able to walk were a little premature, but the truth is good news enough. After being confined to her wheel-chair since childhood, Connie can now swim and ride horseback, and is so delighted about this that she doesn't really mind not yet being able to stand and walk by herself. As she remarks, she's making a good living for herself and the people she loves, and that's more than many a person who has the use of his legs can say.

* * *

One of radio's most happily married couples, the Del Sharbutts, will have another baby in about four months. Mrs. Sharbutt is the former Meri Bell, who used to be in radio herself until she began being a wife and mother, and Dell announces for the Ask-It-Basket, Guy Lombardo, and Hobby Lobby programs. They already have one child, an eleven-month-old daughter.

* * *

This is the saga of a hat, the most expensive one ever bought by Franklin P. Adams of the NBC Information Please program. He paid thirty dollars for it—at least five times as much as he'd ever paid before—and brought it with him to the program. While he was on the air, he laid it down alongside a few dozen other hats, and when he went to retrieve it, found it missing. The only hat left was a battered brown felt, pretty old and a size and a half too small besides. The furious Mr. Adams made the best of a bad bargain, picking up the old hat and wearing it. A few days later he met an acquaintance of his on the street—a man also connected with the Information Please show—who at sight of Adams began to scream, "Thief! Robber!" and ended up by snatching the shabby old head-piece from F. P. A.'s head and clutching it lovingly to his bosom. Of course it belonged to him, and he was convinced that Adams had stolen it, darling of his heart that it was. There was a tense moment before everything was explained, but now the two men are good friends again, each happy to be owning and wearing his own hat.

* * *

When Edgar Bergen made Charlie McCarthy's voice come out of Mortimer Snerd's mouth on a recent Chase and Sanborn broadcast, he got the biggest laugh of the evening. But if you think the fluff was planned, you should have seen his face.

* * *

If it hadn't been for the good sportsmanship and energy of Robert Benchley and Fred Allen, the Screen Actors Guild program would have found itself in serious trouble a few Sundays ago. They were two of the guest stars on one of the broadcasts which emanated from New York; Tallulah Bankhead was the other. Miss Bankhead, though, didn't appear on the program, and here's the reason why. Several days before the broadcast the script was submitted to her. She rejected it and asked for a new one, saying she didn't like the material. The new one was written, and though she still wasn't quite satisfied she consented to appear on the show. But Sunday afternoon's rehearsal came, and the temperamental Tallulah didn't show up at all. At the last minute, Benchley and Allen had to sit down and whip up a comedy script to go into the time that was to have been occupied by Tallulah. What made it all the more difficult was that it was almost time for the sponsor to renew the program's contract, and a bad broadcast might have resulted in no renewal—and hence in no more money for the Screen Actors Guild charity fund. . . . Winchell has a word for Miss Bankhead's lack of consideration.

* * *

Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf of Gang Busters is extending his sympathies to the latest of his four name-

COAST TO COAST By DAN SENSENEY

sakes, Norman Kent Schwarzkopf of Bison, Kansas. The new baby, he says, can look forward to losing about ten per cent of his mail due to a misspelling of his name, having that name mispronounced by forty per cent of the people he meets, and spending fully 234,000 minutes of his lifetime spelling out S-c-h-w-a-r-z-k-o-p-f over the telephone.

* * *

Babs, of the Smoothies vocal trio, wants to get married, but she's postponing her wedding and staying with the trio until Charlie and Little Ryan find somebody to take her place—not an easy task. When the wedding happens, Delmar Sandburg, Cincinnati radio executive, will be the lucky man.

* * *

The champion gate-crasher of the Toscanini concerts on NBC was none other than Lou Gehrig, the former baseball star. He never had tickets, but he managed to get into every one of the maestro's eight concerts in the first series, and will probably repeat when Toscanini returns in March. Here's how he did it—the manager of NBC's Guest Relations department is an old Gehrig fan and always sneaked him into the studio if there was an extra seat to be found. And since the studio's a big place, there was always at least *one* unoccupied seat in the auditorium.

■ Doing the Hollywood night spots in a big way these days, are Mary Livingstone, Bob Preston, Dorothy Lamour and Jack Benny.

* * *

Somebody in Radio City thought up a cute idea and managed to get it put into operation. Most elevators flash white lights when they're going up and red ones going down, but nowadays the Radio City elevators use blue lights for up-bound cars. Get the idea?—NBC's Blue and Red networks!

(*Turn to next page*)

"For loveliness all over — try my Beauty Soap, Camay!"

SAYS THIS CHARMING NEW YORK BRIDE

It's a treat to use Camay for my beauty bath as well as for my complexion. Its thorough, gentle cleansing makes it a grand beauty aid for back and shoulders.

New York, N. Y. (*Signed*) MARIAN BROWN
May 15, 1939 (*Mrs. Boyd Paterno Brown*)

NOWADAYS, it isn't enough to have a lovely complexion! Back and shoulders must look attractive, too! "Why not help them to stay lovely by bathing with your beauty soap?" asks Mrs. Brown. "I always use Camay!"

Camay gives you a priceless beauty cleansing combination—*thoroughness* with *mildness*. We have proved that mildness with repeated tests against a number of other famous beauty soaps. Time after time, Camay has come out *definitely* milder. You'll find Camay helps keep skin *lovely!*

So try Camay. Notice how refreshed you feel after your Camay bath—so dainty and fragrant you *know* others will find you attractive! Get three cakes today. It's priced so low.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Appear
SLIMMER
. . . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES *Smoothed Out* INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly CORRECT YOUR FIGURE FAULTS

BEFORE... A Bulging Reflection In Your Ordinary Girdle

AFTER... Sizes Smaller... No Bulges... In Thynmold!

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate...its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Send for free illustrated folder

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 182, 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

WHAT'S NEW FROM

■ Herbert Flaig (seated right) brings Clyde McCoy and a bevy of chorus girls to the WLW microphone.

Lili Valenti, who plays Rose on the CBS serial, Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, has also played minor parts in the same story from time to time, and in them has "died" three times—all on the same program. The last time she "died" she walked out of the studio after the broadcast, slipped, and sprained her ankle. Lili says she's not superstitious, but she doesn't want to be in another death-bed scene, for fear something worse might happen.

* * *

That Alan Reed, announcer on Colonel Stoopnagle's Quixie Doodle show over MBS, is none other than your old comedy friend, Teddy Bergman. Teddy decided to change his name as a matter of business. The old one limited him to comedy jobs on the air, but the new one, with its added dignity, gives him a chance to be an announcer and an actor as well. Already he's playing the role of Rocky Marshall on the NBC serial, One of the Finest, besides announcing the Stoopnagle program. Incidentally, he and Stoop claim to be the heaviest announcer-comedian team on the air. Together they weigh 439 pounds, of which Alan—or Teddy, if you like him better by his old name—accounts for 237.

* * *

THE poet who wrote that "Man may work from sun to sun" didn't have a radio special events broadcaster in mind. Herb Flaig, special events man of Cincinnati's two Crosley stations, WLW and WSAI, knows that his work, like woman's, is never done. This is particularly true on stations like WLW and WSAI, because they pay special attention to putting newsworthy happenings on the air.

Herb, who is a dark-haired youth with handsome, regular features, pursues and sometimes is pursued by celebrities of all sorts—chorus girls, movie and opera stars, aviators, politicians. Sometimes it's easy enough to get them on the air, but on the other hand he frequently has to work days arranging a single fifteen-minute interview with some person who is shy of a microphone and the listening public.

Herb's two stations have all sorts of equipment for going into the highways and byways for news and entertainment. Besides maintaining transmission lines to railroad stations, airports, and all the leading hotels and night clubs, they have three mobile units and two pack transmitters. Two of the mobile units are housed in large automobiles and the third in a midget car, while the pack transmitters weigh thirty pounds each and can be strapped to an announcer's shoulders while he threads his way through crowds at football games, parades or other large gatherings.

The worst thing that ever happened to a reporter carrying a pack transmitter, Herb says, occurred during the judging of a livestock show at the Ohio State Fair in Columbus. "Our announcer, John Conrad, was carrying the pack, when one of the bulls decided he didn't care for radio or radio announcers. He broke loose from his owner and took after John. They raced around the ring for two whole minutes before John could hand the mike to an assistant and leap over the railing to safety."

Almost as nerve-shattering was the occasion when, after days of preparation, a coast-to-coast broadcast of an Easter pageant from Marion, Indiana, was lost to the nation simply because a technician in the telephone company's control room left a repeater open. Or the time when a sudden storm came up just before a remote-control broadcast and tore down the lines it would have traveled on.

All these alarms and excursions have given Herb Flaig a hardened calm that nothing much can shake. He has to have it, to go through some of the catastrophes he's seen, among

them the horrors of a mine explosion and the great flood of 1937.

He's been with WLW and WSAI two years, during the last of which he's been married. In spite of the demands of his work, you can sometimes find him at home, where his favorite form of relaxation is to don an apron and cook a batch of spaghetti, with meat balls to match.

* * *

SOPHISTICATED LADY

Five feet, five inches of scintillating personality—a voice with soft, mellow depths and a soothing quality—red hair (though she insists it's auburn)—a creamy complexion. In short, an eye-full. That's Olga Vernon, the Sophisticated Lady of Song who appears with Bob Sylvester and his orchestra on a hand-picked network of Southern stations.

You can hear her every Tuesday night at 10:00, E.S.T., over WJSV, Washington; WRAV, Richmond; WBT, Charlotte; WGST, Atlanta; and WAPI, Birmingham, in a program sponsored by the Lance Company and originating in the WBT studios in Charlotte.

Olga studied voice at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago, and got her professional start singing with Charlie Agnew's orchestra. Then came a number of appearances on various Chicago radio programs, in which she built up a reputation which reached the ears of Jan Garber. Jan lost no time in signing her up as his radio songstress.

■ Attractive-looking Olga Vernon sings with Bob Sylvester's orchestra over station WBT.

Now Olga's present boss, Bob Sylvester, enters the story. He'd heard her singing with Agnew, and liked her voice, but he never met her until one day they were introduced by a music publisher. At that time Bob was Hal Kemp's arranger, and it was through his influence that Hal heard her and hired her away from Jan Garber.

Five years ago, Bob became ambitious for a band of his own, and when he left Kemp and organized his own group Olga went with him. The ups and downs of the band business left them stranded, at last; the band broke up and Olga went on the musical comedy stage on Broadway while Bob returned to arranging. He didn't give up his dream of having a band of his own, though, and eventually tried it again—this time profiting by the mistakes he'd made before. Once more Olga gave up her job—which then was singing on a network sustaining program in New York—to go with him.

The Cavalier Beach Club at Virginia Beach was the new band's first stop, and since then it has climbed steadily.

Olga has a soft, deep alto voice that blends aptly with the original and distinctive style of the Sylvester arrangements. It's a combination that should prove a best bet on anybody's dial. (*Continued on page* 51)

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station.

Chapping • Dryness
Rough skin, elbows, arms
Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
Powder base • Body-rub
After-shaving lotion

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Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

SOFT, ROMANTIC HANDS FOR YOU

HARD-WORKING hands need a fine, extra-creamy lotion. And Hinds is just that—extra-creamy, extra-softening! It coaxes back the soft, thrilling look that dish water, harsh cleaners, snow, and wind take away. Quick comfort for chapping and chafing—quick loveliness for your work-abused hands! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream contains vitamins A and D. $1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. At toilet goods counters . . . **NEW! Hinds Hand Cream—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.**

WHAT THE "Other Woman" TAUGHT ME

ALL my life I've been beautiful. I've grown used to hearing conversation falter when I entered a room full of people, and then begin again on a changed note; to having men's eyes follow me on the street. I've known and accepted admiration since I was a child, until I came to think of it as my right. And when I married Roger I knew that he and all his friends considered him a lucky man. If I must tell the truth, I thought him lucky too.

And yet, a few days ago, I woke abruptly to the knowledge that I had lost him.

I was listening to him on the air when the realization came. Roger is a radio actor, and although I'm usually too busy, I occasionally listen to his programs. This particular one was a daily serial, and since I was home alone and didn't have anything else to do, I tuned it in.

Roger and the leading lady were playing a love scene.

"Oh, darling," the girl's voice said, "I've missed you every minute of every hour . . . I'd wake up in the mornings, and even before I opened my eyes I'd think, 'Maybe this is the day he'll come back to me.'"

"All those precious moments when we might have been together —all of them wasted," my husband whispered. "Dearest, dearest . . . It hasn't been living, without you."

I smiled. It always amused me to listen to one of Roger's love scenes on the air. He didn't really do them at all well—at least, I didn't think so, although everyone else did. But then, I had had the opportunity of listening to him in real life love scenes—the autumn afternoon he asked me to marry him, the moonlit nights in Bermuda on our honeymoon, the day I told him that the baby was coming. Then, his voice had had a vibrancy that he could never counterfeit—something intangible and beautiful whose only name must be sincerity. It came from his heart, not his brain. Roger was a good actor, but he wasn't good enough to put this glorious quality into his voice in a play-acting part. *That* went beyond good acting—

Unconsciously, as I listened, I stopped smiling.

"Your sweet lips," he was saying now, "the way you smile, with your head tilted back a little and your mouth turned up at the corners—and the way your hair frames your face—such a funny little face . . . I think I must love that funny little face more than anything in the world."

It was really beautiful—that deep, masculine voice, with its undertone of romance, awakening in me emotions and passions I'd forgotten I ever knew. For a split second an unbearable thrill of delight ran

The love-note was there, in his voice—now! My first reaction was one of fear; then came anger.

Why did his voice, as it came over the air, carry that thrilling note of passion she remembered from long-ago honeymoon nights?

If I had seen Roger and Judith Moore, repeating with their eyes what their lips had just said . . .

through me, a sensation of pure exaltation. It was entirely instinctive; the next moment, as I realized what it meant, I was weak and shaking.

The love-note was there, in Roger's voice—now! He was playing a love scene in a radio studio, with a girl I'd never even met—but *he was not pretending!* This was the real thing. I, who knew every intonation of his voice, could not escape the shattering knowledge that Roger was in love with another woman.

I stood up and with shaking hands turned off the radio. I thought I would scream if I heard once more that long-forgotten timbre in my husband's voice.

My first reaction was one of fear. Then came a deep, burning anger.

What I had thought was an ideal marriage wasn't ideal at all. It was no more than a shell, pleasing to the eye but hollow inside. When Roger came home at night and kissed me, his thoughts were with another woman. I felt insulted, humiliated.

Because I knew I wasn't mistaken. For ten years, ever since our marriage, I had listened to Roger on the air. I had heard him play innumerable love scenes—and never once had I caught the unmistakable ring of passion that had been there today. It was as certain a betrayal of his feelings as a love-letter in his handwriting.

Who was the girl? Desperately I tried to think back to what Roger had told me about the program. A month or two earlier they had brought in a new actress to take the leading lady's part. That much I remembered. Her name was Judith something—Judith—Judith Moore. A newcomer, a girl they'd brought on from Chicago especially for this role.

Some cheap, obviously pretty little thing, of course, I thought. Her voice had been sensuous and slightly husky over the air. And poor Roger was probably proud of his conquest.

I remembered things that had happened in the last few months, things I hadn't paid any attention to at the time. Perhaps it was partly my fault, I admitted. I'd thought our marriage had settled down to a quiet, friendly affair, with sex and love relegated to their proper place. But Roger, after all, was a man, like other men, and probably I'd been foolish to forget that.

Well! I was back to my senses at last. I had beauty, too, the same beauty that had made Roger fall madly in love with me in the first place. Neither marriage nor the arrival of Bruce, our little boy, had blurred that beauty. With it I could hold Roger, win him back to me—and I would—I must! Even if I had to play the strumpet to do so!

It's easy now to see how wrong I was, how false my reactions. Perhaps, if I could have been present in the studio that afternoon, and could have seen Roger and Judith Moore after the broadcast, their scripts forgotten, silently repeating with their eyes everything they had just said with their lips . . . perhaps, then, I would have understood a little better. But I don't know. Probably not. I was so vain, so used to thinking of my own loveliness as the most precious thing in the world, and therefore the most powerful, that I don't think there was room in my mind for anything else.

It was the last straw when, a few minutes later, the telephone rang

(*Continued on page* 77)

LORD HENRY

Beginning

OUR GAL

■ Presenting for the first time in thrilling story form, radio's engrossing drama of Our Gal Sunday, an orphan girl who thought she had found love and riches and instead became a bride without a groom

■ This is a fictionization of the CBS serial, Our Gal Sunday,

I DON'T like his looks," said Jackey firmly. "Sunday, you keep away from that galoot."

"But—" Sunday began, and then stopped—because Arthur Brinthrope had warned her not to tell Jackey or Lively that he was going back to his home in England, and wanted her to go with him.

A tiny frown of worry appeared between her violet eyes. Of course, she was only eighteen, and Jackey and Lively were so much older, and they were always right—had been, ever since she could remember—but they couldn't be expected to understand how she felt about Arthur.

"What's the matter with Bill Jenkins?" her elderly guardian grumbled now, chewing bitterly at the ragged fringe of his sandy mustache. "Fine a young feller as any you'd find in the state o' Colorado."

"Oh—Bill!" Sunday sighed. "Bill's all right, but—but—"

"But you've known him all your life, and he lives right here in Silver Creek," Jackey finished for her. "Yep—grass is always greener in the other feller's back yard. Well now, I tell you, Sunday—"

"But Jackey darling, you don't even know Arthur!" Sunday expostulated.

"Don't need to know him. I know his kind, all right. And I don't want him fussin' around you. Told him so, too, yesterday when I caught him comin' up the trail." And with this parting shot, Jackey marched out of the cabin.

So that, Sunday thought, was the reason Arthur had waited for her down in the pine grove by the river, instead of coming up to the cabin—and the reason, too, why he had asked her to meet him there at sunset today. She was conscious of a brief pang of regret—a shadow on her mind, nothing more—that he hadn't defied Jackey and come to

SUNDAY'S *Romance*

heard Monday through Friday, sponsored by American Home Products.

the cabin anyway. But of course it was only because he wanted to spare her any unpleasantness.

Did she really want to marry him and go to England to live? It was so hard to decide! England would be lovely, of course—the great Brinthrope manor Arthur had told her about, and the gay times they had there, and Arthur himself always at her side, handsome, polished, devoted. But it would mean leaving Jackey and Lively—and worse than leaving them: running away from them. It would be just like leaving your father and mother, because, hard-bitten old miners that they were, they'd been father and mother to her since long before she could remember.

The sun was out of sight already, behind the tall pines that surrounded the cabin. In a few minutes it would be touching the peak of Old Baldy, and Arthur would be at the river, waiting for her answer —an answer she didn't have. If only she didn't have to tell him right away! If only she could talk it over, sensibly, with Jackey and Lively, without running into their stubborn conviction that Arthur was a "no-good, smooth-talkin' galoot!"

Still undecided, she went down through the sweet-smelling woods to the grove by the river; and, as she had known he would be, Arthur was there waiting for her. At sight of him she felt a tingle of excitement. He was always so clean, so well-barbered—not at all like the Silver Creek men, who shaved only for special occasions. Not Bill, of course—but Bill would be as bad as the others, given another five years in Silver Creek.

Arthur Brinthrope heard her light step and jumped down from the rock where he had been perched.

"Sunday darling," he said tenderly, "I was afraid you weren't

coming! I'm so happy you came."

It was good, but somehow a little frightening, to feel the hard young muscles of his arms around her, and the firm touch of his lips on hers. "You've got my answer for me, Sunday? You're going to come with me to England?"

"I—I—" Gently she freed herself and sat down on the rock, hands braced at her sides, her long hair, the color of the gold-tinted clouds in the west, falling down straight behind her. "I don't know, Arthur. Couldn't we be married here, first, and then go?"

"No, that wouldn't work out," he assured her quickly. "Darling, I don't think you quite understand. We can't be married, you know. . . ."

"We can't be—married? But what—" She stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"No—you see, I come from a very old family—I may be the Earl of Brinthrope some day—and I couldn't—well, it wouldn't be *right* for me to marry you, Sunday. But I love you, darling, and we could have such wonderful times together!"

Eagerly, he tried to take her once more in his arms.

"No, no!" she cried. "Don't, Arthur! Please! I couldn't—"

"Brinthrope!"

It was Jackey's voice. He stood just behind them. And Sunday screamed when she saw what he held in his hands. The scream mingled with the sharp whine of a bullet, and Arthur fell to the ground.

"Come back to the house, Sunday," Jackey said in a tense voice.

"Jackey!" she whispered. "You've killed him!"

Jackey's expression did not change. The shaggy brows were still drawn down over the old eagle eyes; deep lines were still carved between nose and mouth. "Figured to," he said. "No man can say what he said to any gal of mine and get away with a whole skin. Come on back to the house."

She began to edge around the rock, keeping as far as possible from the still figure on the ground, whimpering with fright.

"Oh, Jackey—what are you going to do now?"

"Ain't quite figured that out. You leave him be, now. I'll come down after dark and get rid of the body, somehow."

"They'll find out though, Jackey—somebody will find out!"

"Maybe I'll give myself up, gal," Jackey told her. "We got to figure all that out later."

■ Sunday said affectionately, "Bill, I wish I loved you the way you want me to. Maybe I do and don't know it."

But events moved so swiftly that there was no time for Jackey to do what he called "figurin'."

That night, when he returned to the pine grove, Arthur Brinthrope's body had disappeared, and in the morning, when he inspected the spot more closely, he found wolf-tracks. . . .

"Maybe he's not dead!" Sunday cried at first, grasping at the straw of hope offered by his disappearance.

"Not much chance," Jackey answered gloomily. "Be pretty hard for a feller with a bullet in him to get very far away—even if there wasn't them wolf tracks around. And there ain't nobody down in Silver Creek seen him since yesterday."

Lively hadn't been told of the shooting, and he pottered uneasily about the cabin, fretting at the secret he knew Sunday and Jackey were sharing. But Jackey, for the

■ Bill said: "It isn't that I'm jealous, but if you'd only let me—"

first time in their long friendship, couldn't confide in Lively. This was a secret that spelled danger for everyone who knew it.

"Just promise me," Sunday begged Jackey, "that you won't—won't do anything until we know for sure whether Arthur is dead or alive."

For Jackey now wanted to go to the Silver Creek sheriff and make a clean breast of the whole affair. Reluctantly, he promised Sunday at last that he'd wait at least until the body had been found.

And that was the situation when Lord Henry Brinthrope, Arthur's brother, arrived unexpectedly in Silver Creek—to find that Arthur, with whom he had intended to discuss the local Brinthrope mine holdings, had disappeared without leaving a trace behind.

It was only a day after his arrival that his inquiries led him up the trail to Sunday's cabin.

She watched his long-legged figure climbing the steep trail with a sense of panic. And yet there was no use in running away. Her only hope was to meet him, answer his questions directly and apparently with honesty, and do her best to keep him from interrogating Jackey. Bill Jenkins had already told her Lord Henry was in town. She'd known this moment was inevitable.

Drawing a deep breath, she went to answer his knock.

He wasn't at all like Arthur, she saw when she opened the door. He was taller and a year or so older, and there was a strong line to his chin that Arthur hadn't had. Most striking difference of all, though, was in his eyes. They were direct, honest, friendly, and they told her at once what Jackey had meant when he said he didn't like the look of Arthur. Jackey would like the look of Arthur's brother.

"I'm Henry Brinthrope," he said. "And you must be—well, you must be Sunday. I'm sorry, but down in the village I can't remember that anyone ever mentioned your last name."

"It's Smithson," she said blushing. "But everyone calls me Sunday."

"No wonder—it suits you perfectly." He had an English accent too, like Arthur's. "It's probably impertinent—but how did you get it?"

"I was an orphan, and I was left on Jackey's and Lively's doorstep on a Sunday. So—they just called me that."

"Logical enough," he smiled. "They said in the village that you know my brother, and I thought perhaps he might have told you where he was going."

"No," she said quickly. "No—he didn't. Did he know you were coming?"

He shook his head. "I wanted to surprise him." No need to tell this lovely child just why he had wanted to surprise Arthur: that funds were strangely missing from the Brinthrope Mines, and it was more than likely Arthur could, if sufficiently frightened, explain their disappearance. "Well," he said lightly, "it doesn't really matter. Arthur's always making up his mind to leave a place overnight. He'll turn up, I suppose."

But when he had gone back down to Silver Creek, he wired a firm of private detectives in Denver, asking them to send one of their best men to see him.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and Bill Jenkins was paying his weekly call on Sunday. (*Cont'd on page* 66)

THE WOMAN of TOMORROW

By Eleanor Roosevelt

■ With idealism, but with realism too, the First Lady of America paints an inspiring word-picture of the future's most important person—the woman you hope to be

IT'S hard to say what the role of a woman in the world of tomorrow will be, but we can at least say what we *hope* her role can be.

Today, because we live in a very serious world, a very terrible world to many of us, we have to think very seriously of the position of women. I think I will try to draw for you a portrait of what I hope the woman of tomorrow may be because of the seriousness of her responsibility. I think the woman of tomorrow, in this democracy at least, must be a responsible citizen: one who takes a keen interest in her own environment, in all the people of her community and of her country, who studies conditions as they really are and tries, so far as she is able, to formulate plans which will better whatever she finds not good in her community.

I hope that this woman of tomorrow can have a gay side, too. The world is so serious that we must keep a certain gaiety and a sense of humor always, no matter how sad our surroundings may be. But I hope that she is going to feel primarily one great responsibility. For if we do not find a way to preserve peace, then I think we might as well make up our minds that civilization is slowly going to disappear.

We've talked a great deal about what we should do to bring peace into the world. We've hoped that individuals would change, that they would *will* peace. We have hoped that there might come to the world the spirit of Christ. We have hoped that everywhere there would be enough people in every nation who long for peace so that we could solve our difficulties without resorting to force. We know, however, that in a world where there are people who are predominantly bent on using power and force, the rest of the world, no matter what their ideals may be, probably will have to use force too for a time.

If that is so, very well. Then we must be very careful, we who want peace. We must watch ourselves and never allow that force which we must have to take complete possession of us.

So far our people have had so much that they never felt the compelling desire to go out and take something from somebody else. That is something that we have to remember and watch in a world where force is still supreme. As women, we must go about our whole problem without any bitterness, with the feeling that human beings everywhere are deserving of respect and are to be pitied when life is hard, with the realization that we can only hope to be of use if we can keep a kindly spirit to deal fairly and realistically with situations as they arise.

My portrait of the woman of tomorrow would not be complete unless I added that I am setting up for her an extremely difficult role. It will be almost impossible for people who are actually at war to think and plan a just peace. So my woman of tomorrow (in this country, I hope, and in many other countries) will school herself to remember that men perhaps would find it even more difficult than she does to think of conservation, to think of preserving the values in the world and in everyday existence. It does require unselfishness! It does require vision! It does require that we shall think of all people as our brothers.

PERHAPS the responsibility is greatest on us because of all the nations today we have suffered least. We are strong. We have a chance still to think and grow and to be at peace. I hope that in this world of tomorrow all the women of this country and of South America and of other countries as well, will be able to join together *to make peace their great crusade!* I can think of nothing else which will save civilization.

I realize that if we are going to do this we must be *practical.* We must realize that people have to live. You cannot drag them down and expect them not to try to get the things which make life worth living.

We've done that over and over again. We've taken away from people the things that really made it worthwhile to stay at peace. And then we expected that they would adjust themselves to that. Instead, they would suffer and fight. I think

The Woman of Tomorrow is a talk delivered by Mrs. Roosevelt over CBS for the Women's National Radio Committee

H. Armstrong Roberts

we women in America have got to be more realistic in the future. I think we have got to realize that here at home we begin our job. We must begin by proving that we can solve our domestic problems in a democracy. So that when peace does come, we can at least show that free people can govern themselves and can face their problems and meet them and solve them, no matter how difficult they are and no matter what changes they require in our usually accepted form of life.

Changes are hard, *but changes have to come.* Perhaps we are facing a more co-operative womanhood! But no matter what we are facing, we have got to make it our first duty to acknowledge what is before us—when we do not know the answer to say so—to say that we will make it our business to *try* until we find the answer!

That is the only way we can preserve our freedom. That is the only way that we can be worthy of being at peace. And this will take great sacrifice, for you cannot destroy without eventually having to build up again. We don't seem to have learned a great deal from the destruction which we've been through before. But it will come to us in time. For what you destroy, you have to build again.

And if we are fortunate enough to be at peace, it will be our job to give; to give of ourselves, give of what we have. And I believe that it's the woman of tomorrow who has the responsibility of making herself the kind of person who can help her nation and her people to make a better future.

WHY NOT BE *Lovely*

■ Radio's loveliest guest star had to learn to be beautiful. Once she caused scarcely a ripple in Hollywood, but now—

Paramount Photos

SHE is feminine perfection, as exquisite and symmetrical as a bit of Sèvres porcelain, as vibrant as the plucked string of a violin. Her allure is that of irresistible beauty—a beauty which strangely combines the freedom and naturalness of a wind-swept English moor with the sophistication and smartness of Monte Carlo.

Loveliness like Madeleine Carroll's is such a precious thing, you think when you see her, that there's no wonder it is also rare—a gift of the gods bestowed only on the favored few.

Yet Madeleine Carroll had to learn to be beautiful! There was a time, short years ago, when she appeared in films and made not a ripple on the surface of the public's attention. If you saw a few of those early motion pictures of hers you must remember (if you remember her at all) that her beauty was nothing to bowl you over.

How she changed—what she did and continues to do for her beauty—is an exciting story, exciting because it is a revelation of what you or any woman may do to benefit herself.

So often it is just the opposite—the world's incontestably beautiful women refuse to share their secrets. But the same charm and generosity

to look at

By MITZI CUMMINGS

■ With the freedom of naturalness and the sophistication of smartness, Madeleine Carroll has the allure of irresistible beauty. The secret of how she gained such perfection now can be yours too!

■ Madeleine's rules for beauty will please you with their common sense and surprise you with their delightful results.

which, caught by the microphone, make Madeleine radio's favorite Hollywood guest star, make her a really gracious person as well—willing to talk frankly about subjects that must vitally interest every woman.

There was no hedging, then, when Madeleine and I sat down in a booth at the Beverly Brown Derby and began to talk about that most fascinating of all feminine topics—how, in a word, to be beautiful.

"Do you want to know what men consider beauty?" she asked seriously. "Three things—three *musts*. Simplicity. Naturalness. Femininity."

I asked her to explain.

"First, the basis of all beauty is good health. Add another commandment to the original ten: 'Be good to thyself.' Take care of your body. Give it rest. Give it circulation. And never let up on either. The results? Vitality. Poise. Tolerance. Good nature. The importance of these cannot be underestimated. For the more visible assets: good health gives lustre to your hair, a glow to your skin, makes your nails and teeth strong, and your eyes sparkle. No man alive can resist these points of natural beauty, whether the woman has lovely features or not.

"Naturalness, however, goes beyond these things. No affectations. No obvious ego. Forget yourself. If you have good health, you are able to relax in the presence of men, particularly if you keep in mind that they prefer a relaxed woman. And if you wear a pleasant expression, they consider you charming!

"Keep yourself simple in dress. That's another *must*. Above all, don't fuss! If a curl is out of place, or your collar doesn't sit right, pay no attention. First of all, don't present yourself unless you are perfectly groomed and immaculately clean. A man notices only the general effect, not details, so why call attention to a stray curl?"

"Do you think women dress to please men?"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you."

She smiled. "I dress to please other women. In so doing, it also turns out that I dress to please men."

A bit subtle, but I got the point. "How about a few fundamental rules to go by?"

"Well . . . black dresses for simplicity and smartness. Large, but simple, hats for femininity. No excess jewelry. Wear pieces that, if they aren't real, don't pretend to be. Wear simple, well-made shoes that keep their shape. And men, don't forget, abhor too-red fingernails and plucked, exaggerated eyebrows."

By this time, of course, I'd taken a good eyeful of Madeleine herself. Her dress was black, with touches of radiant blue (her favorite color, with the exception of black). Her hat, crownless, and showing

gleaming gold hair, also filled the prescription. Her quiet hands were tipped with rose-pink nails, and her eyebrows were long, sweeping ones, unplucked, medium heavy.

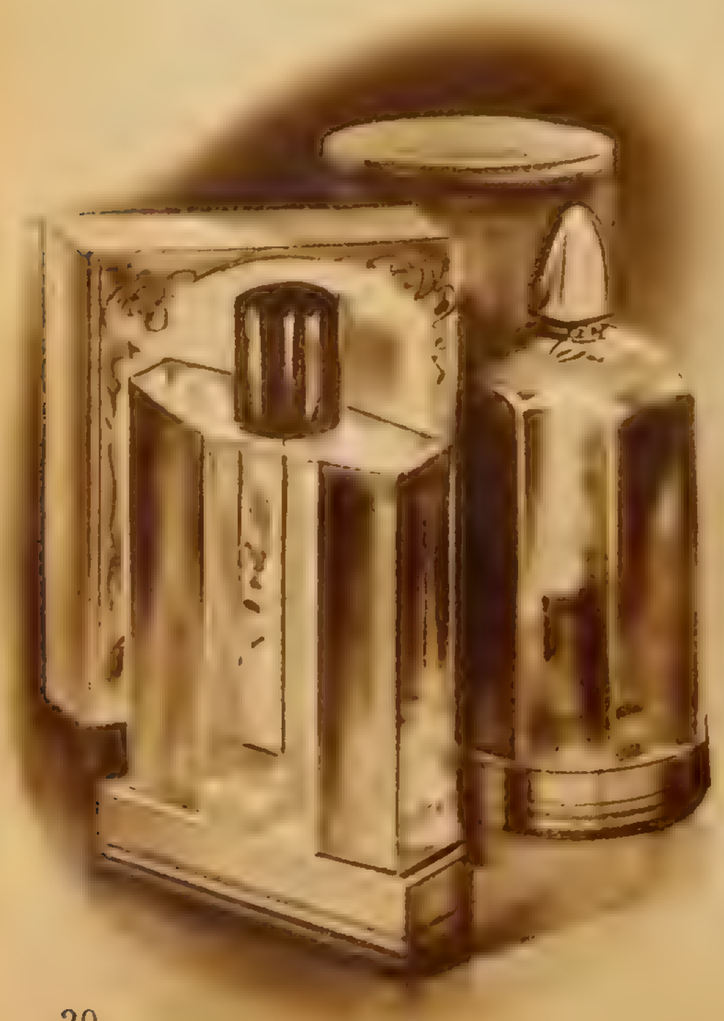
I wanted to know something about what she thought of perfumes, and she thought enough to make an interesting little commentary to hand over to you.

"They are more effective on the skin than on your clothing. Touch your scent lightly where the heart pulse is nearest the surface, like the temples, behind the ears, the inside of your wrists, and in the palm of your right hand."

SHE knows what to do, but she doesn't often do it! Out of her array of perfume bottles, squat ones, slender ones, modern ones, quaint ones, she uses only a soupçon of fragrance, something light, something floral, something feminine. But she has mixed herself something special, something she wears on important occasions, which she won't tell about. It is a combination of several perfumes, and is so completely hers that the fragrance in the air says "Madeleine Carroll has been here."

For her bath (she likes showers but rarely) she occasionally goes lushly luxurious. A milk bath, not from a cow but from a formula, or crystals, or scented oils. Afterwards, a sparkling cologne to tingle and to scent. Yet lots of times, none of these at all! And lots of times she turns out the bathroom lights and sinks into a restful doze right in the tub. Her hair is tied up, cold cream is probably on her face. If it is, she finishes up with some splashes of icy water, either after she removes the cream, or when it's still on.

Sun and circulation, these are Madeleine's preachments. For the former—to acquire a golden glow on your skin, take her advice and use plenty of oil. Lave in it, and when you're through with the sun, take a nice, warm bath with pure castile soap, and a hardy rub with a heavy towel.



Her teeth are perfectly beautiful. She brushes them frequently, when she isn't using paste or powder, with a mixture of salt and bicarbonate of soda which gives you more cleanliness, more lustre, and eliminates acid. She keeps the mixture always ready on her bathroom shelf, and once in a while uses milk of magnesia instead, which serves the same purpose. The dentist cleans her teeth twice yearly, but no more, because she thinks so strenuous a cleaning, if done more often, would harm the enamel. She has her teeth examined, however, every other month.

She drinks coffee, which she loves, but she takes it without cream. She also eats practically anything she wants, with judgment, of course, because proper food is necessary to good health. Every so often she goes on a diet. One of the main items of this diet is avoidance of liquids. Liquids, you know, are fine to put on weight, so don't feel virtuous when you take a glass of orange juice, or a cup of coffee between meals. You're defeating your own purpose.

If you want to keep your figger the Madeleine Carroll way, include a lot of tomatoes and grapefruit, or grapefruit juice with every meal. Do it for four days a week; then eat what you will the following three days. Then go back to it for another four days, and you're through. You can have spinach, two lamb chops and saltine crackers in lieu of bread. And the last day, which is the fourth, you can substitute broiled chicken or broiled fish for the lamb chops. The wisest way is to eat your biggest meal at noon, so that if you go to bed early there isn't a lot of food lying in your stomach during the night. This, incidentally, applies to anyone, any time. It's conducive to good digestion. And make your breakfasts, when you are on this diet, light ones. A sliced orange, or half a grapefruit along with plain coffee. And don't forget—no liquids between meals.

As for make-up—she wears practically none, during the day. Only lipstick. And for the three hours or so that we sat in the Derby, she didn't even use that. It was a little mystifying how, without retouching, her mouth remained scarlet, smooth and satiny. She explained that she put her lipstick on, in the beginning, with a maximum of care. Edges were meticulously gone over for outline. When her lips were completely rouged, she waited a moment for her mouth to "set," then blotted the surplus on a tissue. Then she went over it again. This kept her lips perfect until eating disturbed them.

With nothing but her lipstick to remove at bedtime, and a face that has been washed several times during the day, she doesn't need to indulge in any complicated routine of make-up removal. Soap and water and a little cold cream do the trick.

At night, her make-up includes face powder and a little mascara. This very slight gilding of the lily is a far cry from the days when she first arrived in Hollywood. Then she believed that she must emulate someone great if she wanted to be a success. She picked out her "someone great" in the person of her screen heroine, Marlene Dietrich. She did her face like a snowy mask, tricked up her eyes to look enigmatic, kept the eager, vital, interested lights out of her face—and became expressionless.

BUT as time marched on, Madeleine was neither too happy nor too successful in Hollywood. She returned to England and to herself. She made "The 39 Steps" with Robert Donat, and "I Was a Spy," and was splendid in both. Then she was recalled to Hollywood. She made her re-entry a wiser and more beautiful girl. No longer was she a copyist. Off came the Dietrich mask and out came her own radiance, her own natural personality. Boom! She was a success!

"Don't you do anything besides diet occasionally for that beautiful figure of yours?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Ballet. Three times a week. Not because I want to reduce, nor because I want to be a dancer, but for the exercise, and above all, because it gives me a good carriage."

And now it was time to end our beauty talk. But there was one more question, and I asked it:

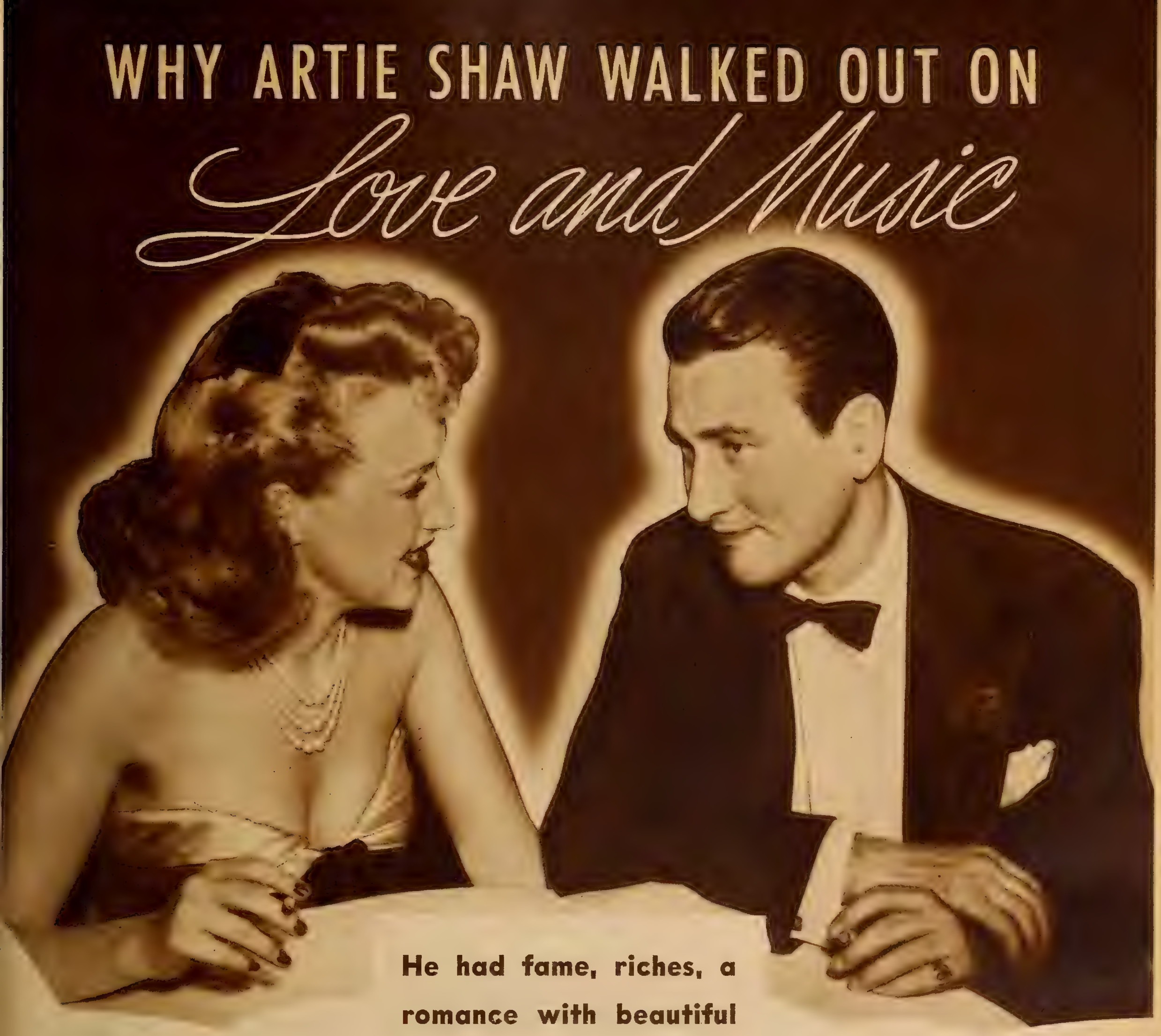
"Look, I said, "how about the girls who weren't born beautiful? What can they do?"

"They," she said, "can try as I try. And they can remember the advice my mother always drummed into me when I was a little girl. 'Madeleine Carrol,' she'd say . . .

'Be beautiful if you can—
Be witty if you must—
But be amiable if it kills you!'

"And that's why," she added with a smile, "I have such a good disposition!"

WHY ARTIE SHAW WALKED OUT ON *Love and Music*



He had fame, riches, a romance with beautiful Betty Grable — and yet he gave all this up, for an amazing reason

By JUDY ASHLEY

I WONDER how he felt when he picked up a newspaper that November afternoon and saw the front page headline: "ARTIE SHAW PAYS OFF HIS BAND AND GOES TO MEXICO FOR HIS HEALTH". That was just before he pulled out in his car. The reporters said he was heading for Mexico. But maybe he wasn't. How could they say that when he wasn't sure himself? He was news. Big news. He was the kind of man for whom newspaper ink was made.

The thing was incredible—nothing like it had ever happened before. He was well on his way to earning a million dollars with that black clarinet of his yet he said to the devil with it. He had charm and personality and good looks. There were women and love waiting for him. There was one in particular. Blonde, lovely Betty Grable. She was waiting in Boston but Artie turned his back on love.

He threw it all away. He didn't want any part of it. I wonder if he smiled that peculiar one-corner smile of his when he read that he was going away for his health. They all printed that story. But they didn't know Artie Shaw. They didn't know why Artie had kicked everything away. It wasn't because he was physically sick. If he was sick at all, it was an emotional illness. Not something a doctor could put his finger on and say this is a result of that sickness you had in Hollywood.

I know why Artie quit. If you can forget all the misleading facts which have been printed, try to remember a few characteristics of one of the most talented musicians ever to catch America's fancy. Remembering them, you, too, will be able to make sense out of a situation which has rocked the entertainment world.

To begin with, Shaw is sincere. That's a simple word but it can mean paragraphs. In Artie's case it does because it implies a complete lack of hyprocrisy and half-meanings. He has few good friends, for instance, only because he refuses to associate with people and things he doesn't like wholeheartedly. There's a second important key to Shaw's character: he is honest. Honest in every single thing he does—in his work, in his thinking, in his love. Most importantly, he is honest with himself. There, in a sentence, lies the clue (*Continued on page* 54)

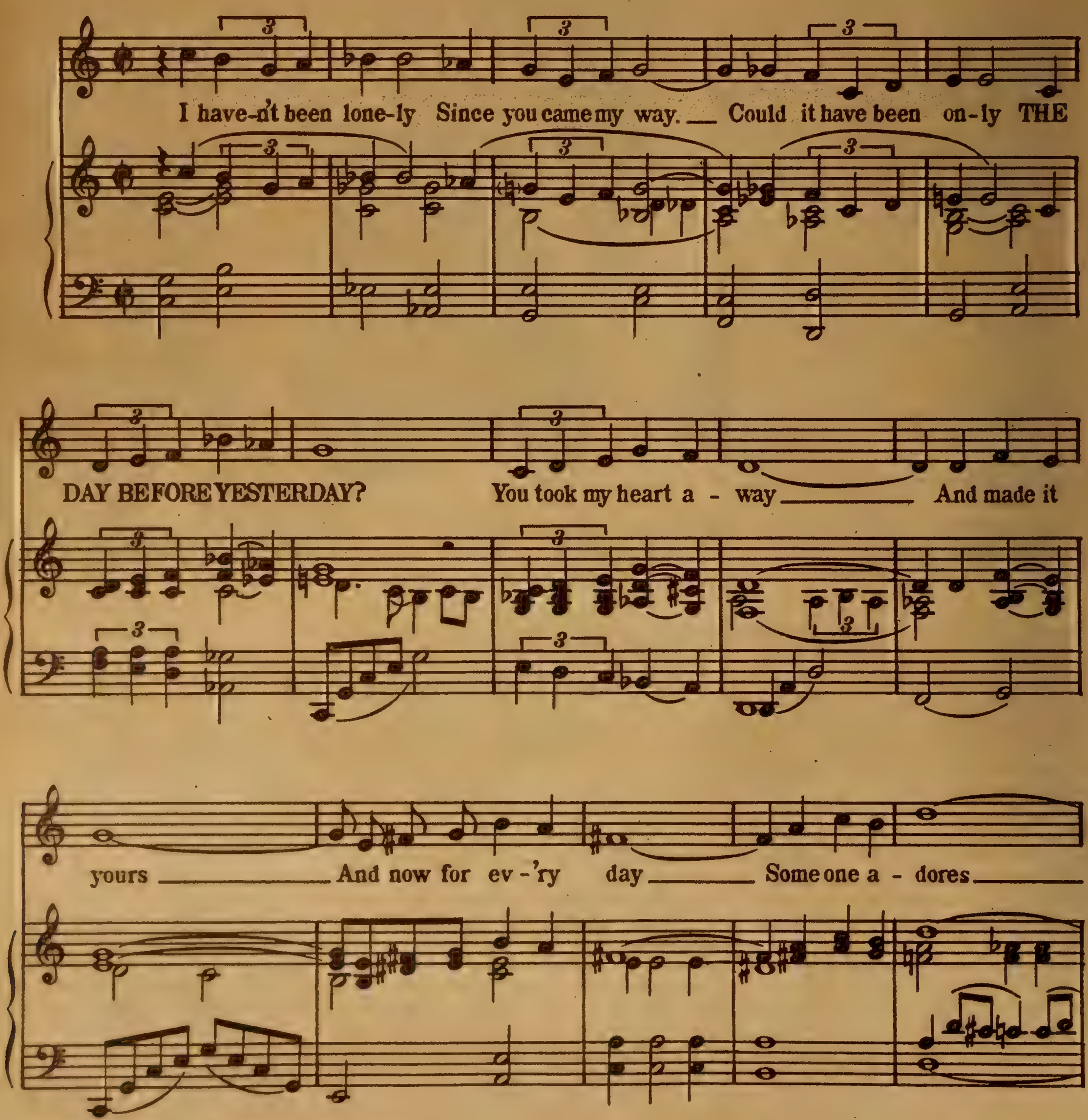
RADIO MIRROR'S PREVIEW OF A HIT

The Day Before Yesterday

■ Another new tune for Radio Mirror readers—this time composed by the "King of the Clarinet," Artie Shaw—written just before he left music-land—perhaps forever!

Words by
REES MASON

Music by
ARTIE SHAW



Copyright 1939 by Artie Shaw, New York

— you. I tried to find ro-mance But it was just play, — 'Till you made my

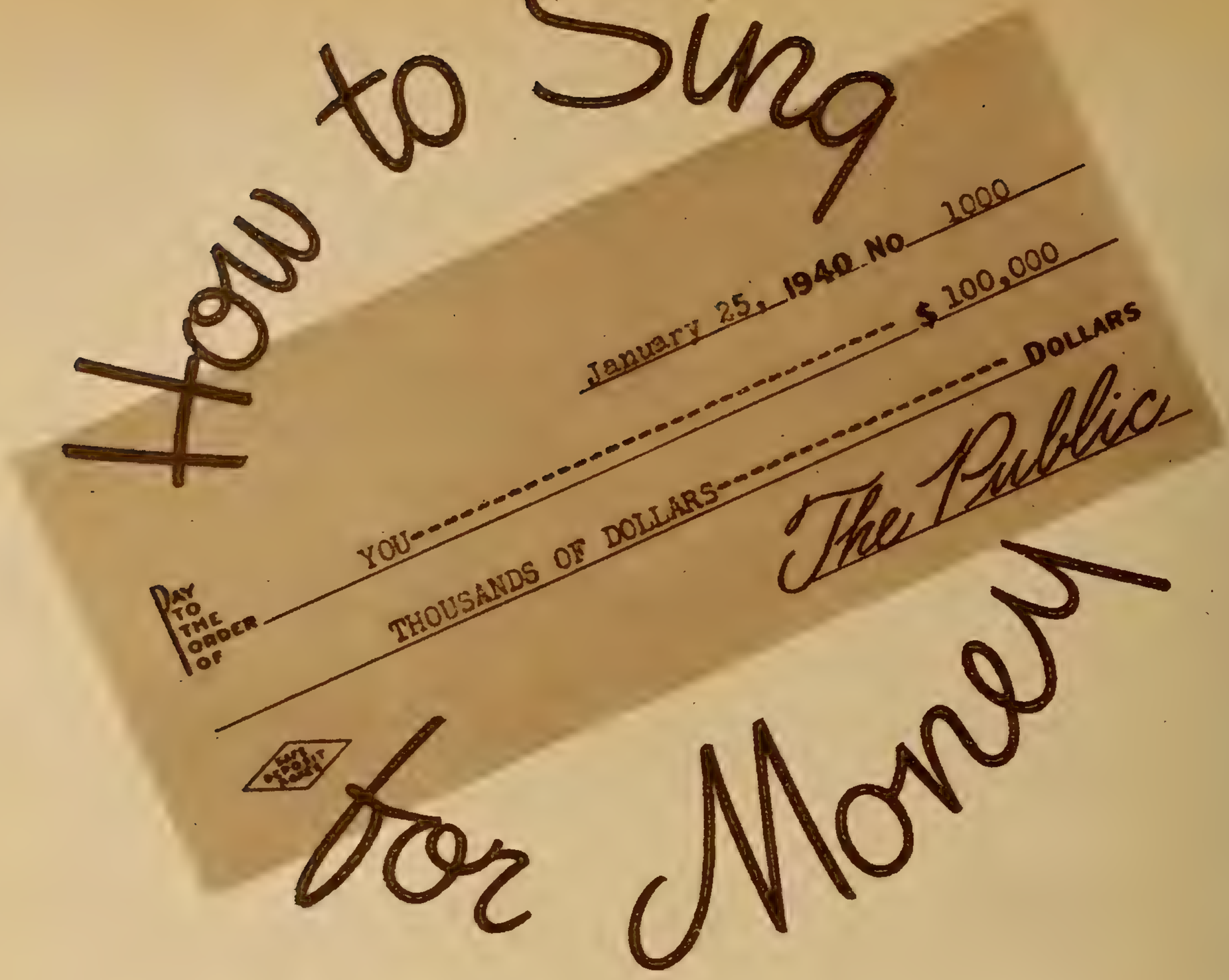
heart dance THE DAY BE-FORE YES-TER - DAY — Is it real-ly true? —

— Are you real-ly you — Or some-thing I dreamed THE

DAY BE-FORE YES-TER - DAY? DAY? —

SONG OF THE MONTH

How to Sing for Money



By CHARLES HENDERSON (with Charles Palmer)

Deanna Durbin Says:
"After the hours of personal instruction I've had from Charles Henderson I loved reading this. Everything he ever taught me is in it and so much more that I don't see how any popular singer can do without it."

SHOW business! A kaleidoscopic world with streets of gold, peopled with inhabitants of unreal beauty and charm, bathed in a mist of glamour. To the outsider, that is. To the insider, it's another way to make a living—a world of contradictions, of drab hours and breathtaking moments, of hokum and honest art, of generous friendships and knives in the back, of heartbreaking failure and skyrocket success, of monotonous mediocrity and flashing inspiration. The most exhausting and well-rewarded work in the universe, and—the hardest gate to crash.

But it can be crashed, and it's worth crashing. Even if it weren't, I wouldn't waste good typewriter-ribbon trying to argue you out of it. You want to sing for your supper—and a good deal more than your supper—and it's my hope and intention here to show you how.

For this article, and those which will follow it, are messages of hope. Thousands of you sing a little, for your own pleasure or for that of your friends. You'd like to turn that modest little talent of yours into something that would work for you and make your living—but you don't know how to go about it, and so, until now, you've done nothing. I'd like to show you the right road—tell you how to get a start, how to audition, how to find the songs and the styles that will fit most naturally into your own personality, how to meet and conquer all the problems—some of them big, some little—that stand in your way.

■ By all means stay away from the old-fashioned teacher who tries to build up your volume.

■ Decide what type of song your vocal equipment and personality enable you to handle best.

And even if you're pretty good, as a singer, I think you'll find some things here that will be useful to you.

You see, most singers don't know their business. They know that a song goes over or flops, but they don't know *why*. More, they don't realize that singing for money is a selling job, and a two-level one at that.

The singers aren't entirely to

Copyright, 1939, by Charles Henderson and Charles Palmer

At last! In an absolutely unique series of articles that cut straight through all the old taboos, Hollywood's most successful vocal coach tells how you too can become a star

blame for this. How *can* they learn? Only by digging the knowledge out of the solid rock for themselves, or by taking a chance on an expensive vocal coach. And how can they learn what goes on inside the minds of talent buyers? Only by the bitter experience of losing out on jobs they wanted desperately to get or hold.

I'm going to try to do something constructive about it: to shortcut this bitter period for the beginning singer. If you want to be a singer and don't know how to start, I'm going to try to show you. If you are determined to be a singer, and had started before you opened the pages of this magazine, I'm going to try to help you avoid mistakes and difficulties that still lie ahead in your unguided path.

Before we begin, let me point out something that has, perhaps, never

■ Gone is the old exaggeration of gesture, the bellowing that was necessary a few years ago.

occurred to you. It's just this: the technique of singing for money has turned completely upside down in the very recent past. There is now, and always will be, a demand for glorious voices in opera and on the concert stage, yet 99 per cent of the singing which the average American hears and enjoys comes to him through the agency of a microphone, in one or another of the streamlined forms of modern entertainment which are here to stay. The accent today is on intimacy, and gone is the old exaggeration of gesture, the vocal mugging and bellowing which was not only accepted, but necessary under the conditions of a few years ago. It's modern science rather than lung power that carries today's entertainer over the distances to the cheap seats.

Unfortunately, a great many singing instructors and almost all writers on the subject have ignored these changes. So did the buggy builders.

As the professional singer, you will be in the business of furnishing entertainment. Baldly, to get money from your customers, the listening public, you must give them what they want. Here I'll give you as artistic a training as the public taste will permit, but when the

■ Do you sing without obvious strain? People don't like to watch you puffing and panting.

artistic and the commercial considerations come in conflict, the commercial will get the call.

Now then, here are the tools you need before you go any farther. A pleasing voice; a natural sense of tone and rhythm; something in the way of looks or personality; an emotional awareness (by which I mean simply a zest for life, which translates into an ability to feel what you sing); and a genuine liking for popular music.

Have you these tools? Let's ask a few questions about

YOUR VOICE

AND when you ask yourself these questions, be honest in answering them.

Is your voice pleasing to most listeners? In other words, do people like to hear you sing? Somebody must have heard you—not necessarily radio audiences—your friends, your family, your fellow-members of the Junior League or the Employee's Mutual Benefit Association. And remember, I said "Do they *like* your voice"; not, do they admire it, or marvel at its technical excellence, but do they *like to listen to it?* There is a very real difference.

Do you produce tones without obvious strain? The public dislikes to tighten up its tummy muscles and strain with you as you puff and pant and belabor your way through

■ When you're getting a start, don't disdain beauty contests. After all, what can you lose?

a number. You don't need a big voice nowadays: the "parlor" voice of light but even volume throughout its effective range, free from objectionable breathiness, is actually better suited to the microphone. You should have a comfortable range of an octave plus two or three whole notes (Their register doesn't matter, because you can choose the key in which you will sing.) Even less range will do in a pinch: Ruth Etting got along with just an octave.

Is your voice free from the quaver of a faulty vibrato? The vibrato is primarily a pulsing variation in pitch; an emotional quality of natural beauty in some voices, but a cultivated one of doubtful attractiveness in others. Is yours a waver over which you have confident control, or a quaver which gives the effect of uncertainty?

Do you sing in tune and in rhythm? Do you stay on pitch without too much difficulty, and is your attack sure and true? If you sing along with phonograph records, do you stay in tempo with them easily, or do you find the orchestra constantly getting out of line?

If the answers to these questions are honestly favorable we are ready to go ahead, at least on songs of average voice requirements. But if you feel that your voice, our raw material, is not yet up to these standards there is another question which you will ask. That is: Should you engage a voice teacher?

Now, the only purpose of voice training as far as it affects getting started in the popular field is to see that your tone is true, that you breathe naturally and sing without visible strain, that you have the ability to keep time, and that your voice has a pleasing quality.

However, some instruction on voice culture (*Continued on page* 70)

Second Husband

■ A vivid new chapter in the exciting life of Brenda Cummings, a beautiful young widow who thought she had the right to love again

DEAR DIARY: So many times lately I've thought I didn't have the courage to write down the things that have happened to me—and yet, when I have confided in you it has always brought me a measure of strength to go on. You are my only intimate, my only confessor.

What is a young widow to do? I always thought she had the right to love again, to give her children a new father. When I met Grant Cummings, he was everything I'd ever hoped to find in a man. It seemed right, then, that we should marry. It had been nearly three years since that terrible day when I lost my first husband, Richard Williams. He had been driving, it was a wet night, the car skidded and Richard lost control. He died without regaining consciousness.

Three years as a widow in the little Montana town, struggling desperately to earn a living for myself and Dick and Fran—such sweet, adorable children—and then . . . the day I met Grant Cummings. He was from New York, wealthy, socially prominent, charming. When he asked me to marry him, I couldn't refuse. I loved him, and he could give my babies so much more than I could.

It wasn't that easy, though; and that is why I say perhaps a widow has no right to love again. We went back to New York to live, and soon I began to see that Dick and Fran resented Grant, while he in his turn was jealous of my affection for them. Mimi Hale, Grant's cousin, was another problem. She had grown used to running his home and even his life, and now she was bitterly disappointed at his unexpected marriage.

Mimi took advantage of times when I felt I must be with the children, to undermine Grant's love for me. Jealousy was like a disease with Grant, and it wasn't long before Mimi had him believing I was unfaithful to him with Kenneth Stevens, his best friend. I managed to convince him he was mistaken, but the shock of knowing how little he trusted me left a scar that hasn't healed yet—may never heal.

Only a few days ago we were all on our way to Montana, for a long vacation—Grant, Dick, Fran and I. But we had hardly unpacked our bags when a wire came from a New York lawyer named Slemp, telling us that Richard, my first husband, was alive!

Grant and I took the first plane back East, leaving the children to follow by train, intending to confront Slemp and demand to see the man who said he was my first husband. It didn't occur to me, when I boarded that plane, that I was taking the first step toward losing Grant.

Yes, I've lost him, and the brief happiness, too, that I thought would always be mine. Mimi has won. Fran, Dick and I are living in an unspeakable New York boarding house. Night and day the heat is stifling and filled with thick smells. Tonight we tried to sit on the fire-escape. But we had to come in and close the window. A man and wife who live across the court were saying things to each other which stripped them of all decency, all pride. They loved each other once, I suppose. Well, I've saved Grant and myself from an ending like that. . . .

Portrait of Brenda Cummings
By Alec Redmond, 1939

CONTINUING, IN THE INTIMATE DIARY OF BRENDA CUMMINGS, THE DRAMATIC STORY OF SECOND HUSBAND, STARRING HELEN MENKEN, AND SPONSORED BY BAYER ASPIRIN—HEARD TUESDAY EVENINGS ON CBS

Loneliness, at least, is clean.

It's hard to believe that the events of the last five days, since we went aboard the plane in Montana, have really happened. They've come so fast, with such kaleidoscopic frenzy.

The air, as we neared New York, was bumpy, but I had no idea we were in any danger until, suddenly, the plane gave a sickening lurch and plunged to the ground. Unbelievably, I was not injured, but Grant was white and still in the wreckage. He was still unconscious when they got him to the hospital, and the doctor, though he tried, was unable to give me much hope.

I battled back frenzy to think what I must do. Even with my mind full of Grant, I knew I must not forget the reason we had come to New York, and as I waited for some change to come in Grant's condition they brought me a telegram at the hospital. It was signed "Richard"—and it instructed me to meet him that night at eight o'clock in the Olympic Hotel.

I'm not very clear about what happened after that. Of course I was tired and overwrought, but I do remember telephoning the hospital and learning that Grant would not regain consciousness before morning. And I remember that Mimi gave me a bromide at dinner, "to calm my nerves." I suspect it did more than that.

I got to the Olympic at eight. The desk clerk told me to go to Room 310 and wait, that Mr. Williams would be back shortly. He had, the clerk said, already registered for both of us.

I went to Room 310. And the next thing I knew Edwards, our butler, and a hotel detective were standing over me and it was four o'clock in the morning! That was when I suspected that Mimi had given me something stronger than a bromide.

But the horrible thing was that the doctor had been wrong. Grant recovered consciousness while I was sleeping in the hotel. *And when he opened his eyes it was Mimi who sat beside him.*

He soon found out, the next day, how Edwards had found me at the hotel—and about the damning way the register was signed: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Williams.

I tried to explain how things really were. But suddenly, overpowered by Mimi's viciousness and Grant's willingness to believe her, I couldn't go on. Words just wouldn't come.

A man either trusts his wife, or he doesn't. Grant doesn't trust me. And that is why I am living here, in this boarding house, away from him. But I'm miserable.

August 29th . . .

I have a job! I'm to design dresses. Model them too sometimes. Pierre, the owner of the shop, even has given me a contract. And he's paying me thirty dollars a week.

Now I can rent a little house in the country. And eventually, if Richard really is alive, I'll hire a lawyer to get me a divorce. Then perhaps life will be good enough at least. Without Grant I don't expect to be happy.

September 1st . . .

What was Mimi doing in Slemp's office today? I'd better watch out!

She was surprised to see me. But I must say it didn't take her long to pull herself together and explain she *naturally was interested in Grant's marital status.*

I told Slemp—with more courage and conviction than I felt—that I didn't believe his "Richard Williams"—if indeed there really was such a person—was my husband.

"I'll call upon you tomorrow at this same time," I said. "And if Richard isn't here I'm going to sue you for blackmail!"

I think Slemp was frightened.

September 2nd . . .

I'VE had a show-down with Slemp and I've won!

I have a paper, signed by him, which testifies no one named Richard Williams exists—to the best of his knowledge and belief! And he has a paper, signed by me, acquitting him of any responsibility in this matter. He wouldn't name the person who involved him but I know it was Mimi.

When Richard wasn't in the office I demanded a detailed description of him at least. Slemp put me off until he had made a telephone call. Then he described "Richard Williams" as a man resembling Gary Cooper. Richard didn't look anything like Gary Cooper but little Dick always thinks of him that way. And when I reached home I learned from the children that Mimi had met them at their play-school, taken them for ice-cream, and questioned them about their father!

That's all I need to know!

Ben Porter was right about Mimi from the start. She's madly in love with Grant and she'll go to any lengths to get him. Well, I'm certainly out of her way now.

Saturday, September 3rd . . .

Women are strange. When I first left Grant I resented the messages he sent me. I prayed he would leave me alone so I might go my own way and make a life for my children. But since his messages have ceased I've been miserable. A woman's independence seems to diminish as her loneliness increases . . .

Monday, September 5th . . .

We're home again. I've had Grant's (*Continued on page* 61)

"I went after you. Van Doorn was on the floor, a knife beside him. It was horrible . . ."

Hollywood Radio Whispers

Fink photo

■ What a party they made for Kate Smith when she went to Hollywood to preview 20th Century-Fox's "Drums Along The Mohawk"! Left to right, Joan Crawford, Merle Oberon, Kate and Claudette Colbert.

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

HOLLYWOOD "inside" has it that the Burns Mantle portions of the Star Theater program will be dropped. The full hour, with Ken Murray, Kenny Baker, Frances Langford and Dave Broekman, will then originate entirely in Hollywood.

* * *

The Bob Hopes are telling friends they want five kids: but want none of their own. They'll adopt four more, one each year.

* * *

Ken Murray is telling those jokes to Nancy Kelly in private. But insists it's no joke that she's to become the leading lady in his new home!

* * *

M-G-M is dickering with Ray Noble for a musical.

* * *

Charlie McCarthy, in his new picture, "McCarthy Detective," has a wig made of real red hair.

* * *

PREACHER MATERIAL: Jack Carson and Kay St. Germaine—as soon as the divorce between himself and his wife becomes final.

One reason that Edgar Bergen is pushing Mortimer on the air is said to be to popularize his comic strip!

* * *

Ed Sullivan declares in his column that "the best comedy on the air recently was Winchell's message to Atlantic ships to look out for two men who fell overboard."

* * *

Hollywood is all ears when Drew Pearson and Bob Allen spout their "very exclusive" Washington gossip on "Listen America," over Mutual. This network is certainly hitting the big time.

* * *

PREACHER MATERIAL: Skinnay Ennis, the band leader, and his singer Carmine Calhoun have finally set the date: Christmas.

* * *

Gertrude Niesen spent two months in Hollywood without singing at one nightclub and without signing a film contract.

Your reporter was host to Andrew Jergens (Winchell's boss) for his yearly visit to Hollywood. "Andy" met most of the film stars and spent the remainder of his time in Hollywood's "After Dark" spots, with glowing praise for Earl Carroll's show palace.

* * *

Jim (Fibber McGee) Jordan and Mrs. Jordan (Molly) spent a few anxious hours after learning of the sinking of the British ship Sirdhana off Singapore. Jim's sister, Josephine Jordan Hugo, was a passenger, with her husband, Charles Hugo, business manager of the Nirola dance troupe, also aboard the vessel. Jordan cabled the U. S. Consul at Singapore for word of her fate to relieve anxiety, but before a reply could come, NBC learned Mrs. Hugo was among the survivors, and relayed the happy word to Jim.

* * *

The "I Want A Divorce" program is trying to help couples stay married by dramatizing some domestic situation that might easily lead up to the divorce courts for lack of a common (*Continued on page* 73)

When Fibber McGee and Molly saw their dream house, it was—

Love AT FIRST SIGHT

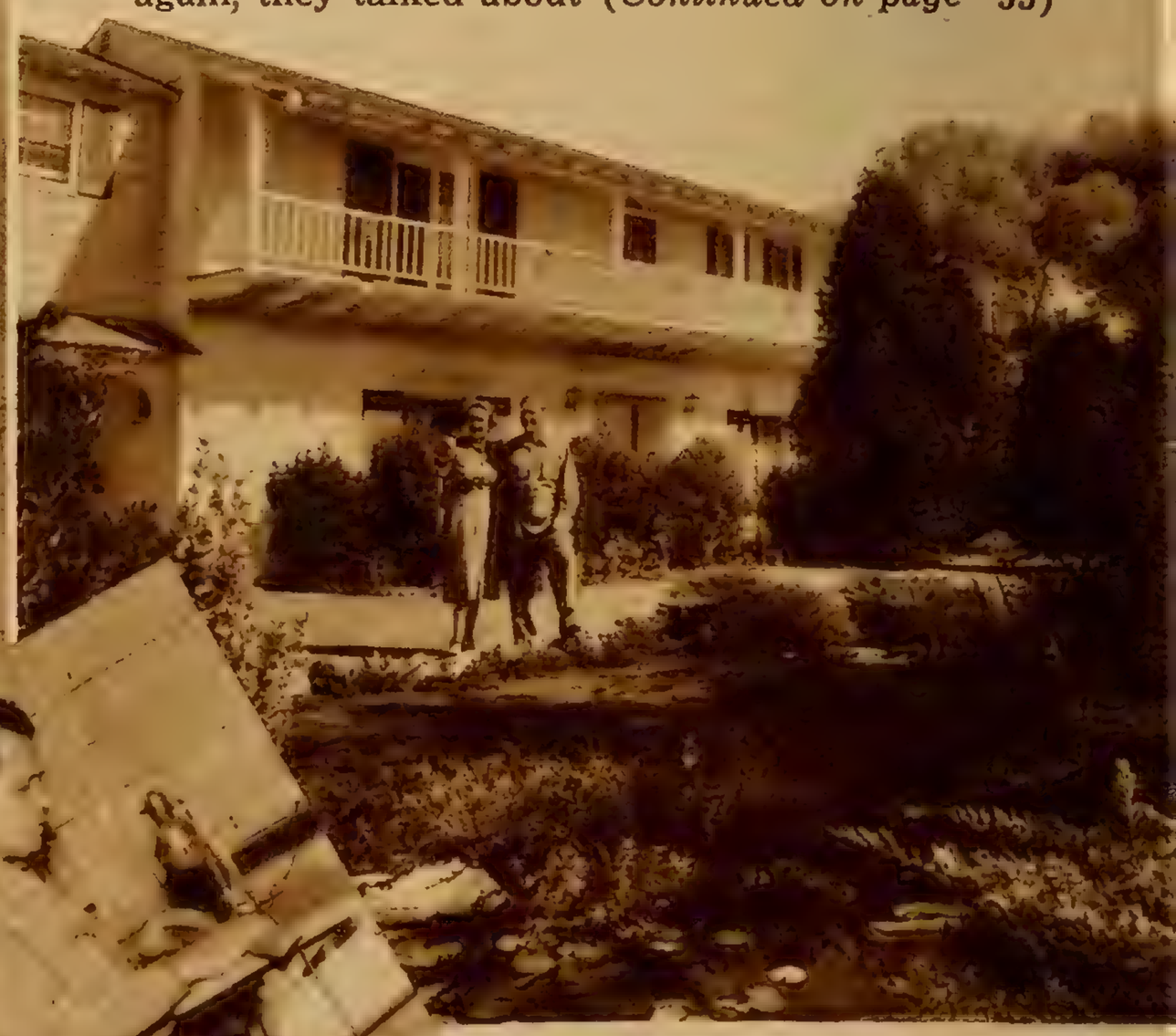
BY MAUD CHEATHAM

■ It's charming, this beautiful white Monterey home, with the first floor rooms opening onto the terrace.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES JORDAN (really our good friends Fibber McGee and Molly) firmly believe in love at first sight.

They'll tell you this miracle has touched them twice. The first time when, as shy youngsters of 17 and 16, they met one eventful night at choir practice in their home town of Peoria, Illinois, and immediately fell in love. There followed a storybook romance and, after they had grown up a bit, they were married.

Years of trouping, of living here and there, had been warmed by the dream that some day they'd have a beautiful home of their own. Again and again, they talked about (*Continued on page* 53)



■ Jim and Marian outside their playhouse which is just over the bridge from the big house. It's complete with a game room, fireplace and kitchen. Right, Fibber's greatest joy is his own workshop.

Photos exclusively taken for Radio Mirror by NBC

■ In front of their home, showing the long front balcony onto which the bedrooms open, overlooking the beautiful gardens.

■ Outdoor living in the true California manner—romping with the family dogs before leaving for their Tuesday night broadcast at NBC's Hollywood studio—only nine miles from the McGee home.

■ If he's not in his workshop, then you'll find Fibber in his den, a real man's room with huge comfy chairs. Below, the swanky living room, with a huge fire-place and baby grand piano.

■ Molly's bedroom is in the softest shades of peach and green. Right, Jim Junior poses at the swimming pool.

■ The McGees are proud of the huge oak tree shading the garden and the barbecue pit for picnicking.

Woman in Love

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

FIVE years in a convent school were poor defense for Tamara Todhunter when she met Mayne Mallory, handsome, unprincipled film actor. To her dazzled eyes, he symbolized everything she loved and wanted. Instead of the shoddy existence in her mother's apartment, Mayne offered her glamour, romance, beauty. Only afterwards, when he left San Francisco and returned to Hollywood, leaving her to bear his child in secrecy, did she realize what an easy conquest she had been.

The Mother Superior of her school helped her by finding her refuge with Mary Hutton, an old friend who lived on a ranch south of San Francisco. Mrs. Hutton took Tam into her home, and in the days that followed the girl regained some of the pride and self-respect she thought had been lost. When the baby came—a girl—she named it Mary, after Mrs. Hutton, and then returned to San Francisco to pick up her life once more. During her association with Mayne she had done a little stage work, and now it was to the stage that she returned. For seven years she worked, devoting all her energies to making a living, until she was a moderately successful star. Every week end she would run down to visit little Mary, who was accepted in the community as Mrs. Hutton's niece.

Then she met George Davis, a handsome but dissolute young lawyer. Through her influence, he stopped drinking, and eventually she realized she was in love with him. By an accident, she also discovered that George was the long-lost son of Mrs. Hutton, and one afternoon she brought mother and son together again. Before she agreed to marry George, however, she told him the truth about little Mary's father. George refused to allow this to make any difference in their love, and they were married. But on returning from their honeymoon, Tam found a sinister letter waiting for her—addressed in Mayne Mallory's sprawling handwriting.

Illustration by Carl Mueller

Copyright 1934-1935 by Kathleen Norris—Originally Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

AT supper, George's mother mentioned the Maynard Mallory case.

"Didn't you two see anything of it? But of course you didn't! It only happened about a week ago. He's a Hollywood actor, isn't he, Tam?"

"Yes . . . used to be," George supplied. "I haven't seen his name for years. He married an actress named Florice Fanette, I think."

"Well, that's it, you see. He murdered her."

"No-o-o?" George said, widening his eyes. "Confess?"

"Confess nothing! But they say they know he did it."

"They were divorced," Tam's dry throat said.

"Yes," Mrs. Hutton answered. "But it seems they were remarried again about a year ago. They came up to San Francisco last week and gave some parties, and they say there was a quarrel. The next day he says he woke up about nine and

■ Once more Tam's life is entangled in the sordid web of Mayne's, as this dramatic novel reaches new emotional heights

"Either you do like I want you to," Mayne said, "or tomorrow morning the papers'll have the whole story."

Listen to Woman in Love, by Kathleen Norris, Monday through Friday on CBS at 5 p. m., E.S.T., sponsored by Wheaties.

instantly roused the whole place. She was lying in the bathroom, dead, with her head beaten in."

"He did it, eh?" George asked. "What duck soup for Mullins!"

"Mallory was indicted day before yesterday," the elder Mary said.

"They didn't find a gun or stick or anything in the bathroom?"

"He had a walking stick with a metal head, but it wasn't bloody."

"Any blood on him? There was probably plenty of it."

"The floor was a pool, and the walls were spattered. But the blood on him might have been because he knelt down and caught her up in his arms and tried to revive her."

"Looks bad," George mused. "It'll be short shrift for him."

"I suppose so. But he has money to fight. She was rich, and she left everything to Mallory."

Tam was very quiet. She ate nothing. It was late in the evening, and Mary and her Gran had gone upstairs to bed before she began quietly:

"George, we're in trouble."

"Who's in trouble, infant? This," George said, luxuriating in firelight, with his wife half on his knee and half on the arm of his chair, "this doesn't seem to me like trouble."

Silently she put a crumpled sheet of cheap hotel letter paper into his hand. He leaned back and jerked on a light to read it.

"My dear old Tam," he read, "I am in pretty bad shape for something I never did. I want to see your husband, and I want to see him mighty soon. Someone has got to see me through this like he did the Elliot case. Get in touch with me. . . ."

The formless, blustering writing ended with the signature "Mayne."

"What's he to you?" George asked, staring at her, completely at a loss.

"That's just it. That's what I didn't tell you when we first talked. That's what you said you didn't ever want to know. He's Mary's father."

After a long time George said: "Well, what of it? I suppose he wants me to defend him. I'll tell him I can't. And that'll be that."

'But then if that made him mad," Tamara said apprehensively, "what could he do?"

"Exactly nothing, Tam. The day has gone by when the—what was it?—the lightest breath of scandal against a woman's name was enough to damn her in decent society."

"He thinks you don't know," Tam surmised shrewdly.

"I suppose that's it. I suppose he saw your whole life in his power. Well, he's in pretty deep water now."

"It's only on Mary's account that I'm afraid," Tam said suddenly.

"Does he know about Mary?"

"I wrote him once. I wrote him that I must see him, that 'something had happened.' "

"And what did he say when you saw him?"

"I never did. He didn't write. I've never seen him, since. . . ."

"Ha!" George said. "So you don't know whether he knows or not?"

"No. But he may have my old letter—would he have kept it, George?"

"Probably. He wouldn't have written you as he did if he hadn't some evidence of some sort."

"Well, you see, if he has heard of Mary— He might tell her!"

"I don't see how," George pointed out reasonably. "He can't really know of her existence. If he suspects it, he must think that you gave the baby away for adoption. You had six or seven years playing in stock, with no talk of a baby, no story of adopting a baby. All we have to do is sit tight until they hang him."

"You think they will?"

"Well, it looks that way."

But she wondered if he was a little more concerned than he chose to let her suspect when he went away early the next morning, and she knew that matters had taken

some sort of unexpected turn, when he telephoned her about four o'clock to come into town and have dinner and stay the night. He had to see "a man" and was not coming home.

He looked tired when she met him in the room he'd taken at the Fairmont Hotel; but he brightened at the sight of her. After a moment he said:

"I've seen Mallory."

TAM'S healthy mountain brown faded a trifle. "You've seen Mayne?"

"Yep. He's here in the city jail. I talked with him for about an hour."

"Why did you see him?" Tam asked, in a light, frightened voice.

"Well—it looks as if I'll have to defend him," he confessed. Then, rapidly, he explained the tangled skein of circumstances which was dragging him into the Mallory case. His own candidacy for the district attorneyship, and the necessity for defeating Oscar Mullins, the incumbent who would naturally prosecute Mayne. Pressure from old Martell, the head of George's own law firm, and from Warren Hunter, one of the partners. Both felt that the case would be invaluable publicity for George, particularly if he could get any other kind of verdict beyond a flat "Guilty." And in the meantime, George said finally, Mallory had written the firm, asking that George handle the case.

"I didn't see," he finished, "what else I could do but say I would take it. In fact, the firm had practically committed me to the job before I knew anything about it."

Tam's eyes were far away. "Oh, it is strange!" she said, under her breath.

"Yes—it is strange."

"Can you make any sort of case for him, George?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. I think they'll hang him. Poor fellow, he was trembling and sweating as he talked about it."

Throughout dinner, which they took in their room, Tamara was silent and afraid; but afterwards she sighed, relaxed a little. "Oh, well," she said, "it's started—and once things get started we can go on. It was having it sprung on me so suddenly that you'd have to defend him that frightened me."

"You mustn't be frightened. There's nothing to be frightened about."

"George!" Red-cheeked, round-eyed, she was facing him squarely, her hands clamped on the arms of the chair. "Do you mind horribly? I mean—its being Mayne."

"I don't think of him as having anything to do with us at all," George said. "Women do that sort of thinking. The past doesn't mean so much to men. A man may wish he hadn't been such a young skunk to his mother—something like that," he added musingly. "But as a general thing the future's the big bet!"

"A girl keeps wishing she could go back!" Tamara said, on the same reminiscent note. She drew a great breath. "But we go on from here!" she said. "Only I can't have my Mary hurt."

"Marriage is a damn' marvelous thing," George said reflectively. "Well, I'll go to it tomorrow and see what I can dig up. But I don't believe I can do much for him!"

On the last day of Mayne Mallory's trial, Tamara and the charming middle-aged wife of Warren Hunter were smuggled into inconspicuous chairs in the court room.

▪ Next month! Read the Secrets of the Lux Radio Theater — the unrehearsed and unexpected dramas that happen behind the curtain, to the embarrassment of Hollywood's biggest stars

Tamara's eyes were on the prisoner as he was led in. She felt the blood leave her face, and the cold sweat on her hands. Mayne Mallory again. He looked an old man—fat, soft, fearfully sobered.

The usual rustling of papers and moving of figures was going on inside the rail; the usual whispered consultations. But for an hour every seat in the courtroom had been occupied. Nobody moved there. Tamara studied the jury; six men, six women. They were serious-looking folk; one man looked stern and cruel, one woman motherly and soft and irresolute in type.

"Warren looks terribly blue. I'm afraid it's all up with us," Margaret Hunter whispered.

"George looks tired too," Tam said. There was an odd weight at her heart. The best thing that could happen would be to have a quick verdict of "guilty" returned, and a retrial refused. But then what of Mayne? How would he fight? "Mayne Mallory reveals old affair with attorney's wife in claiming Davis did not exert full powers of defense!" Would that be a headline some night?

"No, no," she said in her heart. "Newspapers don't do that sort of thing!"

Now Oscar Mullins was on his feet and saying everything that of course one knew he must say. Her heart began to beat hard and steadily with a sort of sickening fright; she looked now and then at Mayne's silhouette.

"This man has placed voluntarily outside the category of those of us who are still old-fashioned enough to appreciate our women, who feel only reverence and gratitude for the sacred gift of a woman's love and companionship . . . Florice Fanette was young and lovely . . . in the radiant flower of her extraordinary beauty . . . other men desired her, longed for her . . . her heart was true to the man she first had loved . . . not as successful as she . . . not rich . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if this monster leaves this court room a free man, then justice is indeed dead in San Francisco, and no one of our women may lay herself down to sleep tonight beside her little children in safety. . . ."

"Bosh," Tamara said fiercely in her heart as she listened. "Bosh, bosh, bosh!" But was the jury thinking it was bosh?

When Mullins had finished, there was a pause, then George stood up and began to talk quietly, and the blood came back to her heart. The room was completely still. No one moved; there was neither murmur nor rustle as the words went on, clear and natural. George skimmed the general history of the crime and the trial smoothly; there was but one point he wanted to make. He felt it was what might be called a small point, but if it happened to be one that his learned colleague Mr. Mullins could not, with all his eloquence, explain, then it was as valuable to his client as the most perfect alibi.

The jury had seen the bathroom walls that had been the silent witnesses of either a brutal murder or a strange, dramatic accident. He was prepared to reconstruct those walls from photographs right now before their eyes; show that they had been spattered lightly, evenly, with a (*Continued on page* 57)

Facing THE MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

THE Dorsey competition continues. Tommy and Jimmy are both currently in Chicago, Jimmy at the Sherman, Tommy at the Palmer House. But on January 4, Orrin Tucker replaces T. D.

* * *

Latest maestro-to-be: Tony Pastor, Artie Shaw's popular tenor sax player and novelty singer.

* * *

Arnold Johnson, who formerly had Benny Goodman, Russ Morgan, Bob Chester, and Freddie Martin working for him, is trying a comeback. He will feature an eight-piece sax section.

* * *

With all the big name bands on MBS, CBS, and NBC, radio row wonders where Elliott Roosevelt will snare orchestras for his proposed new web.

* * *

Dave Tough, as authentic a jive drummer as you could find in swing alley, is really very ill.

* * *

Al Donohue, who junked a sweet band for a swing one, opens in New Jersey's Meadowbrook in January with a MBS wire. He succeeds Larry Clinton . . . Jan Savitt grabbed Gabe Gelines, hot tenor sax man, from Glenn Miller. . . .

Glen Gray, Judy Garland and Jimmie Fidler go in for a bit of jive at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, where Glen's band was playing when Judy and Jimmie stopped in.

BANDOM'S BAD BOY

Too much money almost changed the career of Bob Chester and deprived radio of its newest dance band threat to the currently established swing kings.

The stepson of Albert Fisher, retired head of world-renowned Fisher Bodies, Inc., Bob could have left the portals of Dayton University, armed with an impressive-looking brief case, that contained among other things, one possession many of us always strive for, but never attain—security. Instead the determined lad tossed all this away for a shiny saxophone, and a job in Russ Mor- (*Continued on page* 74)

Too much money almost changed the career of Bob Chester and deprived radio of a new dance band threat to the current swing kings.

■ Drama—Marjorie Clarke with Earl Larrimore.

■ Fencing—Television successfully captures a unique sport.

■ Comedy—Duet by Howard and Shelton.

11½ HOURS

■ The camera reaches to the four corners of the world in the search for new subjects for the 690 minutes a week of television programs

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

■ Debutante—Society's Cobina Wright, Jr., and night club entertainer, being televised.

■ Vaudeville—The medicine man returns for a laugh.

A WEEK

FROM the newest styles for your hair to a fencing exhibition, the television cameras every day range over dozens of new subjects, truly making "the greatest show on earth." Pictured on these pages is proof that the telecaster is thinking of other ways than the more obvious spot news broadcasts to bring you new hours of pleasure. Here are some typically interesting performances that are daily being televised by NBC in New York.

Schedules are expanding rapidly—television now has a working week of 11½ hours!

■ The Duncan Sisters—in their Topsy and Eva roles famous for so many years.

■ Hair Stylist—Emile demonstrates the latest in fashions for the hair.

■ Novelty—The Kidoodlers, radio's popular entertainers, play queer instruments for you to see and hear.

■ Fashions—a popular feature for women is the showing of the latest clothes.

HERBERT MARSHALL'S *Love Tangle*

The personal life story of a gallant lover, whose pursuit of an ideal has brought both heartbreak and happiness to the women he has loved

SOME of you who read this story may say that Herbert Marshall just doesn't know what he wants from love, or marriage. And, of course, you're entitled to your own opinion, but I think you wouldn't be looking very deeply into his character and emotions if you dismissed him as lightly as that.

The trouble with Bart Marshall is not that he does not know what he wants in love. Not at all. He does know. He wants the ideal, and the vision of that ideal is always with him, giving him warmth, coloring his fine, masculine voice, putting an eternal aura of romance about him. It has made him what he is—a very great lover, on the air, the screen, the stage, and in private life; it has given heartache and ecstasy to him and to the women he has loved.

His trouble is simply this: that he does not know that none of us can maintain such ideal loves even if we find them. They are too perfect. They are too wonderful. They are all climax. No woman can possibly live up to them, hour by hour, in the stress of everyday existence. That is why the other loves replace pure romance, mature loves founded on tolerance and friendship and association and knowledge. But that is something Bart has never been able to understand, and so he has never given any one of his loves the chance to reach the beneficent peace of maturity.

And because he has never given love a chance to grow up, he is part of a foursome that Hollywood sees as a most modern rectangle. You—depending on your point of view—will find it either very sad, or very cynical, or very civilized. Or, perhaps, a little of all three.

No matter how you see it, you will most certainly get an insight into the soul of a charming man, who is still in love with love.

Perhaps you were listening on the evening of last October 23, when Herbert Marshall, supported by Edna Best, played "There's Always Juliet" on the Hollywood Playhouse program. "There's Always Juliet" is an ardent love story and Mr. Marshall and Miss Best, the latter making her air debut, were most delightful in it.

There were many reasons for that. For one thing, it is a beautifully written play. For another, Edna and Bart had already played the show, both on the London and the New York stage. They knew exactly where the laughs were in the lines, and where the tenderness. Such knowledge helps a performance greatly.

But there were, also, two important reasons why they might have been awful. The first was the heart of Mr. Marshall. The second was the heart and memory of Miss Best. For when they had originally played "There's Always Juliet" they had been one of the most famous of ideally married couples. Their love story was the kind that you liked to know existed in real life—the kind that you'd like to have happen to you. They had exquisite twin children. They were magnificently successful, and beautifully in love.

BUT on the recent night of "There's Always Juliet" on the air, while still man and wife, the Marshalls were no longer in love with each other. Bart was in love with Lee Russell, a quiet, beautiful girl. Edna was engaged to Nat Wolff, who is the personal agent for both his fiancee and her husband.

Mix into this the fact that Nat Wolff was quietly sitting in the studio audience, watching them at the microphone; and the further fact that Miss Russell, though not present at the broadcast—because she never does come to them, holding that Bart's work is personal to him and that she shouldn't interfere—is also one of Edna Best's good friends. Add that up. See, as Hol-

By CAROLYN HOYT

■ Edna Best, Herbert Marshall's lovely wife, and Lee Russell, the girl he plans to marry after his divorce from Edna.

Fink

RKO

■ His trouble is simply that he has never permitted any of his loves to reach maturity.

lywood often does, the four of them frequently dining together, in peace and amity. And you have that modern rectangle I spoke of.

Edna Best is Bart's second wife. His first was Mollie Maitland, whom he married before the war. It's hard, now, to find out much about Mollie. His closest English pals in Hollywood say little about her except, "She was a very good woman, Mollie."

They might, of course, have stayed married if it hadn't been for the war. Bart left her to fight for his country, and though he wasn't killed he came so near to it that his career and his whole life were almost ruined. That war made a cripple of him. He, a man in a profession where physical beauty is all-important, seemed doomed to hobble out the rest of his life in obscurity.

It is to his eternal credit that he refused to accept that sentence. He, who was then and still is in practically continual pain, came back to the theater, learned to walk with incredible smoothness, overcame his handicap so that audiences never for one moment pitied him, but accepted him as the personification of all that (*Continued on page* 83)

The Cooking Corner

Tune in Kate Smith's noon-day talks Monday through Friday at twelve, E.S.T. and on Friday nights at eight, both over CBS.

By KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S NEW FOOD COUNSELLOR

HELLO, everybody: This is Kate Smith speaking to you from the cooking pages of RADIO MIRROR where each month I'm going to visit with you and talk about the most important item in the housewife's notebook—food.

From time to time we'll discuss other matters, too. If I hear about a new gadget or a different way of doing some household task that will make your kitchen workshop function more efficiently, I'll pass the news on to you. But for the most part, we'll concentrate on planning nourishing, appetizing meals which are economical and simple to prepare.

Since so many of my friends seem to feel that baking is the most difficult of kitchen arts, we are going to consider first of all cake and cooky making. Many people believe that baking requires a special knack. That is quite true. But—and this is the important thing—you can acquire that knack.

The first step in acquiring it is to use only the best ingredients. Be sure that such important items as flour, shortening, baking powder and flavoring are the best the market affords.

Before you start to bake, read your recipe over carefully and be sure that everything you require is at hand. Next—and I can't stress this too much—follow your recipe to the letter. Measure accurately, combine the ingredients as directed and see to it that your oven registers the exact temperature specified.

This month I've a very special recipe to give you—a recipe that you can use to make at least three entirely different and equally delicious cakes. What a blessing to be able to master just one recipe and still get a variety of cakes! Your family will cheer the results. I've tried the recipe myself and I know.

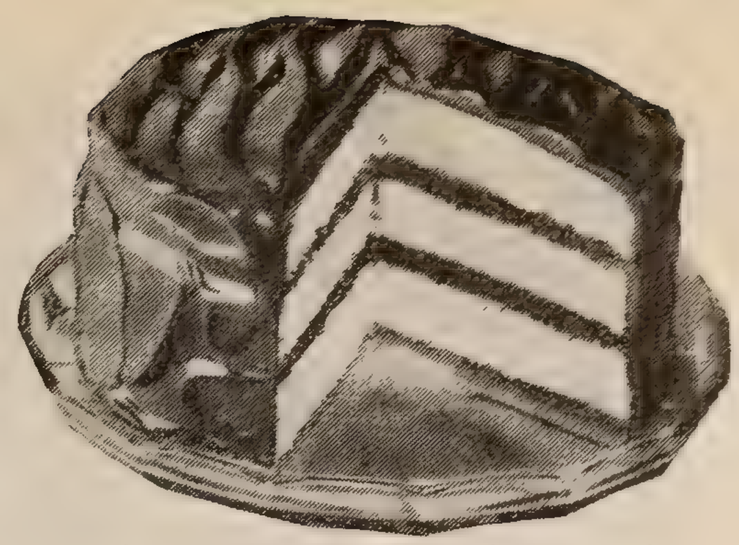
Basic Cake Recipe

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt
⅔ cup shortening 1 cup sugar
3 egg yolks, well beaten
⅓ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla extract
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar and cream together until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg yolks and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small quantity at a time, and beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla extract. Fold in egg whites. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans at 375 degrees F., until done (25 to 30 minutes).

The first time you use this recipe,

An exclusive new feature to solve your kitchen problems and to make more zestful the meals you serve—written by a star as famous for her cooking as for her singing



A luscious chocolate layer cake made from the basic cake recipe.

put the layers together with all-around chocolate frosting. (See illustration upper right).

All-Around Chocolate Frosting

4 tbls. butter
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
¾ tsp. vanilla extract
¼ tsp. salt
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
4 tbls. hot milk

Cream butter, add half of sugar gradually, creaming after each addition. Add vanilla, salt and melted chocolate. Add remaining sugar, alternately with milk, until mixture reaches right consistency for spreading (you may find that you won't need quite all the milk) beating smooth after each addition.

NEXT time, make a coconut covered layer cake, using coconut seven-minute frosting. (See illustration right).

Coconut Seven-Minute Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar— 5 tbls. water
1½ tsps. light corn syrup
1 tsp. vanilla extract
1 can moist sweetened coconut

Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary beater until thoroughly blended. Place over boiling water, beat constantly and cook for seven minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake, sprinkling with coconut while frosting is still soft.

Next, you might want to try the chocolate loaf cake (illustrated). Use the same basic recipe, plus four squares of unsweetened chocolate. The chocolate is to be melted and added after the vanilla and just before the egg whites are folded in. Bake this in a greased 15 by 10-inch tin at 375 degrees F. for 25 to 30 minutes. As soon as it is done, turn it onto a rack and cut away the crisp edges. When it has cooled, cut it into half lengthwise, then into half crosswise. Spread three of the quarters with ¾ cup whipped cream which has been sweetened and flavored with vanilla to taste. Fit the sections together like a layer cake, placing a plain layer on top, then cover top and sides with all-around chocolate frosting.

For a richer cake, add one cup of chopped nut meats to the basic recipe just before folding in the egg whites. Use either all-around chocolate frosting or seven-minute frosting between layers and on the top and sides, sprinkling with nut meats while the frosting is still soft.

Now let's turn our attention to cookies. Here again we have a basic recipe. It will give you the best plain sugar cookies you've ever eaten—and many people believe that the simple, unadorned sugar cooky is the perfection of the baking art—or it can be given last minute variations which will assure you a cooky jar full of pleasant surprises.

Basic Cooky Recipe

3 cups flour ¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. double-acting baking powder
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup shortening 3 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla extract

Sift flour, measure, then sift together with baking powder, sugar and salt. Break up shortening with a fork, then work it into the flour mixture. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each one. Add vanilla extract. Roll thin on floured board and bake on greased cooky tin at 375 degrees F. for eight minutes.

Just before the cookies go into the oven, decorate the tops so that instead of one kind you will have an infinite variety. Sprinkle some with shaved chocolate. Dot others with cinnamon drops. Press raisins, currants, chopped candied fruits or nut meats into the tops of some, and dust the remainder with fruit lozenges—the kind you'll find at five cents the package at any candy counter—which have been ground up in your meat chopper. With these as a starter, I know you will work out other combinations and variations of flavor yourself.

And so—happy baking day. I'll be seeing you here next month.

Here's a trick I consider invaluable for removing onion aroma from the hands. As soon as you've finished peeling onions, run for your favorite deodorant. Use it liberally on your hands and allow it to remain for at least five minutes. Then wash it off and, presto! all onion odor has disappeared.

The same basic recipe cake, with a coconut party dress this time. Bottom, an attractive chocolate loaf cake, from the same recipe.

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	CBS: **Morning Moods**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Animal News**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Morning Musicale**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **March of Games**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Four Belles**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Children's Hour**
	10:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **News**
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Music and Youth**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Vernon Crane's Story Book**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **On the Job**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Grand Hotel**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Metropolitan Moods**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **From Hollywood Today**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Democracy in Action**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Great Plays**
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Smoke Dreams**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **So You Think You Know Music**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **N. Y. PHILHARMONIC**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Norman Cloutier's Orch.**
1:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **I Want a Divorce**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **H. Leopold Spitalny**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **News from Europe**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Glenn Miller Orch.**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Pursuit of Happiness**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Richard Himber Orch.**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
8:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Hobby Lobby**
2:00	4:00	5:00	MBS: **Musical Steelmakers**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Moylan Sisters**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **News**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Bob Becker Dog Chats**
9:00	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: **The Shadow**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Met Opera Auditions**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **SILVER THEATER**
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS: **Listen America**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Grouch Club**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **European News Roundup**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Dinah Shore**
8:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **SCREEN GUILD THEATER**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Mr. District Attorney**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
7:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **ORSON WELLES**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **CHARLIE McCARTHY**
6:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY (Jan. 7)**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **FORD SYMPHONY**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
9:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **The Parker Family**
8:15	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
6:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Goodwill Hour**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Ellery Queen**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **NBC String Quartet**
10:00	10:30	11:00	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Benny's Dennis Day . . . and Dennis' talkative "Mother."

Tune-In Bulletin for December 31, January 7, 14 and 21!

December 31: Here it is the last day of 1939, and nobody's sorry to see it go. The networks are doing their bit to send it on its way, with all-night dance programs chasing 1939 across the continent and clear out to Honolulu. . . . From 2:00 to 3:00 this afternoon, E.S.T., NBC-Blue broadcasts Headlines of 1939, a review of the year's news events. . . . The Rose Bowl Pageant in Pasadena is to be described on Mutual tonight. . . . Grace Moore is the guest star on the Ford Hour.

January 7: One of your old favorites returns today when Grand Hotel begins on CBS at 1:35 this afternoon. . . . And the Chase and Sanborn show, NBC-Red at 8:00, is cut to a half-hour beginning tonight—with One Man's Family in the other thirty minutes.

January 14: Today's your last chance to hear Paul Wing's Spelling Bee program over NBC-Red at 5:30. . . . Ted Malone makes a pilgrimage to Oliver Wendell Holmes' home in Boston at 1:15 over NBC-Blue. . . . Gladys Swarthout is the guest star on the Ford Hour.

January 21: Helen Traubel, soprano, is the Ford Hour's guest tonight. . . . Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's home is visited by Ted Malone at 1:15.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: A new singer and a new comedienne—in fact, you might agree with lots of folks and call them *the* new singer and *the* new comedienne of the current radio season. They're Dennis Day and his "mother," heard on Jack Benny's Jell-O show on NBC at 7:00, E.S.T. and 8:30, P.S.T.

"Mother," Mrs. Lucretia Day, of course isn't really Dennis' mother at all. In real life she's Verna Felton, a veteran radio actress who has appeared frequently on the Benny show in the last three years. In fact, at one time or another, she has played mother to everyone in the gang. Besides her radio experience, she has a long and honorable stage career behind her too, for she made her theatrical debut in 1901, when she was nine.

Verna is married to Lee Millar, a former stage director who is now a radio actor too, and they have one son, fifteen years old. Young Millar followed in his mother's footsteps by appearing on the stage when he was nine, but since then he's decided that he likes music better than acting, and now is studying piano.

The Millars live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley, where, in spite of her heavy radio schedule, Verna manages to do most of the cooking for her family, and a good deal of the sewing besides. She and her husband always criticize each other's radio performances, and wouldn't think of going on the air without first rehearsing at home and getting suggestions from the other. "Mother" is Verna's favorite role at all time.

Her "son," Dennis Day, after three months of amazing success on the Benny show, is the same self-assured but unassuming kid he was when he first stepped up to its mike. He's entirely given up his early notion of being a lawyer, and is so definitely committed to a singing career that he refuses to drink or smoke because such things are bad for the voice.

He lives with his real mother in a small North Hollywood house surrounded by flower beds. This garden, next to his second-hand coupe, is Dennis' greatest joy, since he was born and brought up in New York City, where he never had a chance to cultivate anything more extensive than a window-box. He's no night-clubber, and his idea of a really good time is driving his car all over Southern California. He hasn't any "steady girl."

SAY HELLO TO . . .

BILL JOHNSTONE—who plays "The Shadow" on the mystery thriller of that name this afternoon at 5:30 on MBS. Bill was born in Scotland in 1908 and came to America as a boy, where he was first a reporter, then switched to acting. He owns a farm in Connecticut and spends his summers on it, living in a New York apartment in winter. His eyes are hazel, his hair prematurely gray.

INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **News**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Norsemen Quartet**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **LANNY ROSS**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **BY KATHLEEN NORRIS**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. KALTENBORN**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **FRED WARING'S GANG**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **BLONDIE**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **One of the Finest**
7:30	9:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Larry Clinton**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **TUNE-UP TIME**
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Sherlock Holmes**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Tommy Riggs**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Howard and Shelton**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I. Q.**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **ALEC TEMPLETON**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Michael and his Kitty—Clayton Collyer and Arline Blackburn.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 1, 8, 15 and 22!

January 1: And a Happy New Year to you! That's your Studio Snooper's wish, as well as the wish of CBS, NBC and Mutual. . . . Don't be sad if you don't live where you can see the Rose Bowl football game—you can hear it on the air, over Mutual or NBC. . . . Listen to the newest network—the Transcontinental—which goes on the air today. Elliott Roosevelt is its president, and it includes stations all the way across the continent.

January 8: Have you listened yet to Young Dr. Malone? It's been on NBC-Blue at 11:15 in the morning for several weeks now, and it's a realistic, human serial.

January 15: Don't forget that Monday is the night for two of the season's best musical half-hours—Tune-Up Time on CBS at 8:00 and Alec Templeton on NBC-Red at 9:30.

January 22: It's your last chance to hear Woody Herman tonight, playing from the Famous Door.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Pretty Kitty Kelly, sponsored by Wonder Bread, heard on CBS at 10:00 A.M., E.S.T., 9:00, C.S.T., 8:00, M.S.T., and 1:00 P.M., P.S.T. And if you live on the West Coast you are always a day ahead of your fellow listeners to the east, because the morning broadcast is always a repetition of the same episode that was put on the air the afternoon of the preceding day.

Arline Blackburn, star of Pretty Kitty Kelly, also plays Tamara in By Kathleen Norris, on CBS at 5:00 this afternoon, and Eileen Turner in The O'Neills, on NBC at 12:15—So you can see she's a pretty busy girl. That's probably the reason that though she collects dogs for a hobby, none of them is alive. Like the title character of Pretty Kitty Kelly, Arline has red-blonde hair, green eyes and a fair complexion.

Her leading man, Clayton Collyer, who plays Michael Conway, has been on the air since his undergraduate days, when he was always billed as "Bud" Collyer. He's thirty-one years old, and is the brother of June Collyer, film star. True to the family tradition, he always wanted to act, but was persuaded to study law instead—and though he graduated from law school he gave up legal practice for the stage and radio as soon as he could. Three years ago he met Heloise Green on a blind date, and now she's Mrs. Collyer.

Pretty Kitty Kelly has a large cast, but of course everybody in the story doesn't appear on every single program—if they did, the small CBS studio where they broadcast would be filled to overflowing. The "regulars," though—the people who are on the air from time to time, are Helen Choat as Bunny Wilson, Artells Dickson as Slim, Howard Smith as Inspector Grady, Charme Allen as Mrs. Murger, Dennis Hoey as Mr. Welby and Ethel Intropidi (pronounce it Ahn-tro-*pee*-di) as Mrs. Welby. Matt Crowley is the narrator who sets the scenes when they change, between stretches of dialogue, and Andrew Stanton is the man who does the commercial announcements.

Because everyone on the cast is working on other programs, rehearsals for Pretty Kitty Kelly are businesslike affairs, with everyone doing his or her best to get the most done in the least possible time. They're all good friends, though—they've worked together so long. Arline and Helen Choat, who plays Bunny, are just as fond of each other off-stage as they are on.

Artells Dickson (Slim) is a specialist in Western types, and Howard Smith (Inspector Grady) can play a policeman and a gangster with equal ease.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

FRANK NELSON—whose voice carries the opening message of the Lux Radio Theater tonight on CBS at 9:00. He's also a regular member of the cast in supporting roles, and you heard him opposite Bette Davis in that memorable drama, "Alter Ego." He's married to a radio actress, Mary Lansing, is an enthusiastic candid cameraman and possesses a big collection of shots of picture stars.

Complete Programs from December 27 to January 25

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Program**
		8:15	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **The Traveling Chef**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Our Spiritual Life**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. KALTENBORN**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **AMOS 'N' ANDY**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Jimmie Fidler**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **HELEN MENKEN**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **EDWARD G. ROBINSON**
5:00	7:00	8:00	MBS: **La Rosa Concert**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The Aldrich Family**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
9:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: **We, The People**
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Meet Mr. Weeks**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **McGEE AND MOLLY**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **BOB HOPE**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Brent House**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Doghouse**

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Kingsley Colton and Betty Garde co-star in My Son and I.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 2, 9, 16 and 23!

January 2: The Travelling Chef, Richard Kent, will give you some kitchen pointers on his new program, NBC-Blue at 11:30 this morning.

January 9: That weekly serial, Brent House, is on tonight now, at 10:30 on NBC-Blue . . . with Kathleen Fitz in the role of Portia Brent.

January 16: Better stay close to home tonight, so you can answer the telephone if Horace Heidt's Pot O' Gold program draws your name. If you're there to answer when the phone rings, you'll get a thousand dollars—if you aren't you'll only get a hundred. . . . But of course if your name isn't drawn you won't get anything.

January 23: Information Please is well into its second year of sponsorship tonight—and just as witty as ever. Have you seen one of those movie shorts they've made out of this clever program?

ON THE AIR TODAY: My Son and I, starring Betty Garde and Kingsley Colton, on CBS at 2:45, E.S.T., and sponsored by Calumet Baking Powder and Swans Down Flour.

This is just what it sounds like—the story of a mother and her son, and the love between them. Its appearance as a radio serial grew out of two one-act plays which author Frank Provo wrote especially for Betty Garde and Kingsley Colton to act in on the Kate Smith program. That was last year, and Betty and Kingsley gave such good accounts of themselves that it was decided to put the characters and their adventures into a long-run serial.

As Connie Vance, the stage mother who struggles to provide for her ten-year-old son, Betty Garde has a part that's exactly suited to her. Betty won laurels for her stage work last year in "The Primrose Path," but she might never have been an actress if her father hadn't been a newspaper editor. In Philadelphia, where she grew up and appeared in amateur plays, the dramatic critic on her father's paper always wrote about her performances in very complimentary terms. Her father was skeptical—he thought the reviewers were just being nice because they were his co-workers—so to prove that she really could act, Betty left Philadelphia as soon as she was old enough and came to New York to get a stage job. It was a long pull, but she finally got the job and proved that the reviewers were right, after all.

Kingsley Colton, who plays Buddy, is twelve years old, and studio workers like him because, they say, "he isn't the kind of kid that gets in your hair." He's as well-poised and self-assured as an adult, whether he's at the mike, diving off an eight-foot board or putting on the third green at golf. He got into radio a little more than two years ago, when an enthusiastic uncle brought him to Nila Mack, CBS children's program director. Before that he'd been a sucessful model for commercial photographers. He's been in a few movie shorts, but his principal interests are radio and school.

Also in the cast of My Son and I are Gladys Thornton, playing Aunt Addie, Agnes Young as Aunt Minta, and John Picard as Bruce Barrett. Looking at Agnes Young, you'd never guess that she could be the elderly spinster you hear on the air. As a matter of fact, she's unusual in that she plays young roles on the stage and character parts—old ladies, immigrant women, embittered villainesses and the like—on the air. Gladys Thornton, the Aunt Addie, has been in radio for ten years, starting with a daily serial over WOR in which she played all the characters as well as writing it herself. She has the distinction of being one of the few women who have ever appeared on the Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts—and under her own name, too—though it was only on one night's program.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

LEE C. MILLAR—the austere judge of Big Town, on CBS at 8 tonight. He's the husband, in private life, of Verna Felton, whom you can read about on page 42. Besides being one of Hollywood's busiest radio character actors, he has a wide range of animal impersonations, and is proud because once he won out over twenty-five dogs in an audition for the movie version of "The Voice of Bugle Ann." His is also the voice of Pluto, the dog in Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse cartoons—but his face hasn't appeared on a movie screen since 1914, when he was Dorothy Dalton's leading man in one called "Across the Pacific."

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.

Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.

Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary

—but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:
"Yes. I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

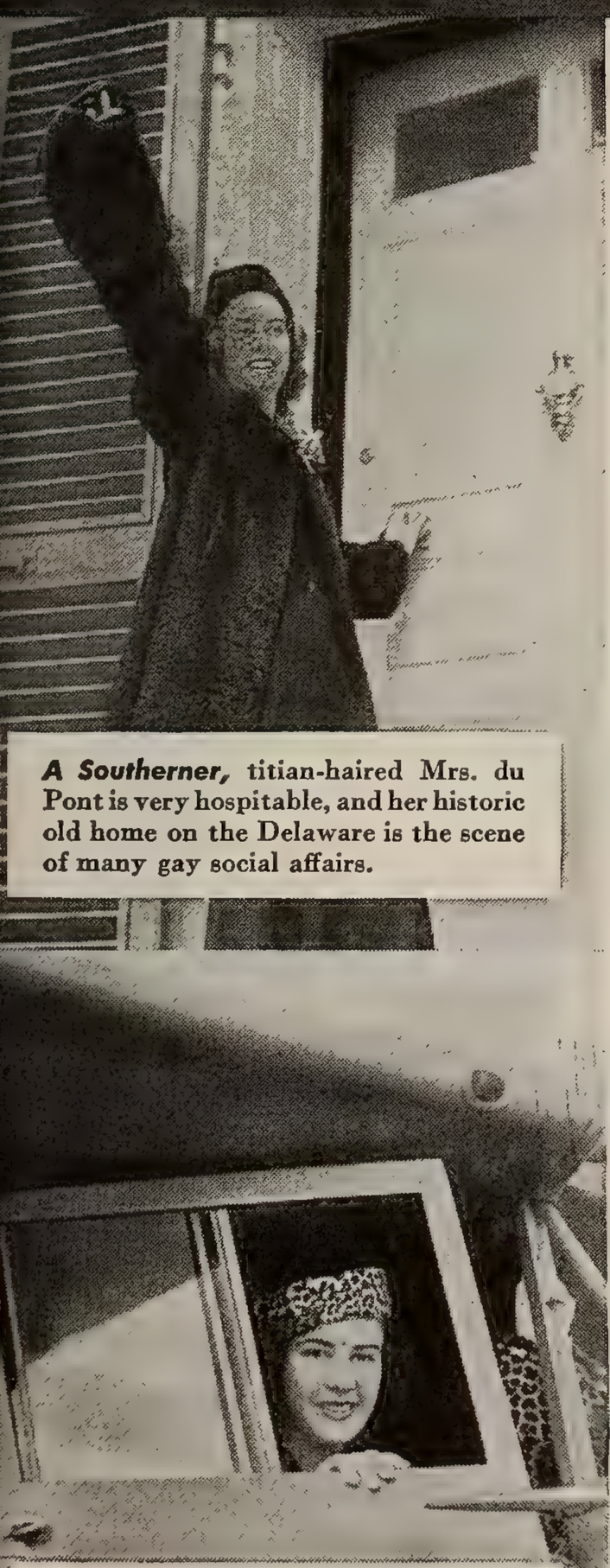
ANSWER:
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."



A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.

Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.

Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick shopping trip to New York.

Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 8 RM CV-B, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Show**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Four Showmen**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Homespun**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **OUR GAL SUNDAY**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **THE GOLDBERGS**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Music for Young Listeners**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **SMILIN' ED McCONNELL**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **LITTLE ORPHAN**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: News
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. KALTENBORN**
		6:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue- **EASY ACES**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum an' Abner**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Al Pearce**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Johnny Presents**
6:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Hollywood Playhouse**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Quick Silver Quiz**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Avalon Time**
8:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild**
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **FRED ALLEN**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE**

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Effie Palmer and Richard Gordon of Orphans of Divorce.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 27, January 3, 10, 17 and 24!

December 27: Tonight at 8:30 on CBS is your last chance to hear Paul Whiteman on the Chesterfield program. His place will be taken next week by Glenn Miller and his orchestra. . . . Doesn't seem possible, but Pop Whiteman just passed the twentieth anniversary of his start as an orchestra leader.

January 3: It's a big night for Glenn Miller and his band—they get their first commercial program, the Chesterfield show at 8:30 on CBS (the Andrews Sisters are on it too), and they open at the Meadowbrook Inn, playing over NBC.

January 10: The winter horse racing season opens today at Hialeah Park in Florida. It's the Inaugural Handicap, and you'll hear it over CBS.

January 17: Have you heard the new Johnny Presents show on NBC-Blue at 8:00 tonight? It stars Johnny Green and his orchestra, and Beverly, a very sweet singer.

January 24: Is Charles Boyer back on the Hollywood Playhouse—NBC-Red at 8:00 tonight?

ON THE AIR TODAY: Orphans of Divorce, on NBC-Blue at 3:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by the R. L. Watkins Company.

It's time this continued drama were brought to your attention, because it hasn't had much ballyhoo and maybe you've missed it—which would be too bad, because the acting performance of Effie Palmer as Nora Kelly Worthington is something that shouldn't be missed.

Effie Palmer has been working in radio for seventeen full years, and knows everything there is about acting in front of a microphone—but this is her first starring role. She didn't have it originally, either, because when Orphans of Divorce first went on the air as a once-weekly nighttime serial, Margaret Anglin had the part. But when it changed into a daily show Effie took over and did a grand job.

Effie was born on a little farm near Albany, New York, but later moved to Boston, where she studied acting. After her graduation she came to New York for a stage career that was soon interrupted by radio. Since then she's been on the air almost every day, except for brief vacations, and has played every kind of part.

She's married and lives in Brooklyn. Besides Orphans of Divorce, her most important radio role just now is that of Mrs. Eeps in Just Plain Bill.

Playing opposite Effie in the role of Cyril Worthington is another radio veteran, Richard Gordon, who gained fame as Sherlock Holmes when the adventures of that master-detective first hit the air. Before that, though, he'd played in scores of New York dramatic successes with such actresses as Ethel Barrymore, Gertrude Lawrence, and Judith Anderson. He's married to the woman who wrote one of the plays he acted in, and they have a grown son.

On Orphans of Divorce you hear one of radio's most unique actresses—Madeline Pierce, who makes a very good living by crying, howling, gurgling and cooing. She's a baby specialist, although she also is able to do other parts with skill. Madeline got her unusual talent by imitating her four younger brothers and sisters, but she certainly never thought it would be anything but a parlor trick. She came to New York to study dress designing, gave that up to get married and have a baby of her own, and three years ago was persuaded by her friends to get a radio audition. Only a week after the audition—at which she squealed, chuckled and bawled in a way the audition committee had never heard before—she was called to work on an Al Jolson program. On Orphans of Divorce, of course, she plays Baby Sandy.

The other members of the cast are Claire Wilson, Pat Peardon and Warren Bryan as Juliet, Joan and Dick Worthington; Geraldine Kay and James Krieger as Barbara and Alex Pratt, and Vivia Ogden as Annie.

SAY HELLO TO . .

MARVIN MUELLER—whom you hear as Dr. Lee Markham in The Woman in White, NBC-Red at 10:45. Marvin is also a poet, a fact that's proved by the listing of his name in the "Biographical Dictionary of Contemporary Poets." He began his radio work in St. Louis eight years ago, and now lives in Chicago. Marvin's married, is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. He also plays the role of Howard Andrews in Midstream, but since that's on the Blue network at the same time Woman in White is on the Red, he can only be in one show when the action of the other doesn't need him.

Lady Esther says

"You can't expect to win NEW LUCK if you wear an Old Shade of Powder!"

It's really important to find your lucky, most flattering face powder shade!

Is the powder shade that flattered you once . . . spoiling your charm today? Find the one shade of my powder that's lucky for you *now!*

HOW MANY MONTHS have passed since you *checked up on your face powder?* Can you be sure that *right now* you're not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, perhaps ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore as little as four months ago can be *all wrong* for your skin as it is *today.* For your skin tones change with the seasons—and the one right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—*years* older.

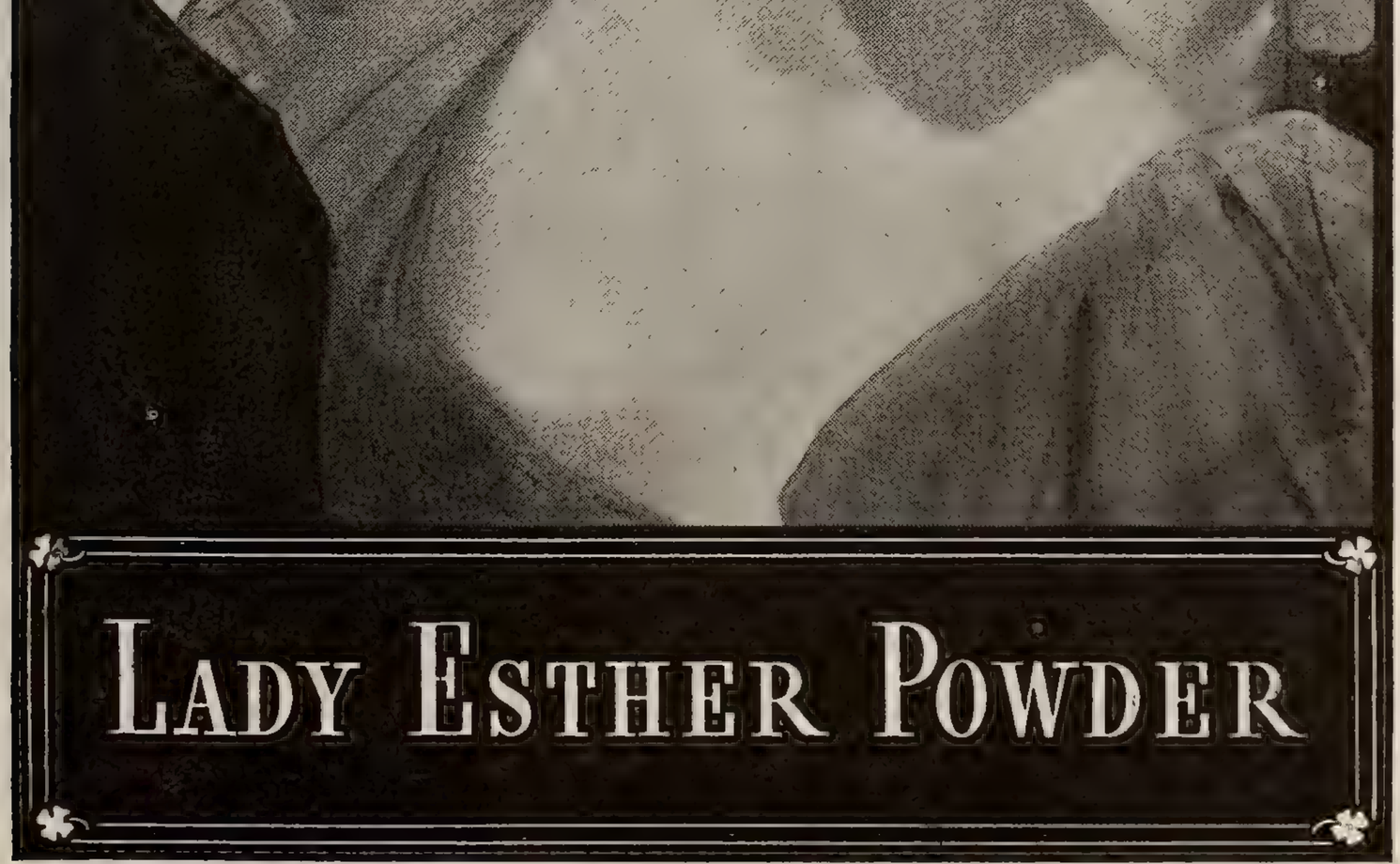
That's why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering. And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder. . . but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

Find your lucky shade. Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you *free.* Perhaps my new Champagne Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. Compare all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade for you.*

Make the "Bite Test". When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Next, make exactly the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. *And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit.* Now you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for *four full hours.*

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier *you!*



Men's eyes will tell you when you've found your Lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (52)

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: **Today In Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Show**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Rosa Lee**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **American Life**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Ideas That Came True**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **TED MALONE**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **CLUB MATINEE**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **The Guest Book**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. KALTENBORN**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Vox Pop**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **One of the Finest**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Ask It Basket**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The Green Hornet**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **One Man's Family**
9:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Strange as it Seems**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Joe Penner**
9:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Those We Love**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Rochester Philharmonic**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **COLUMBIA WORKSHOP**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Americans at Work**

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Kate McComb and Jimmy Tansey—Mother O'Neill and Danny.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 28, January 4, 11, 18 and 25!

December 28: The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand—which is another way of saying that the CBS Americans at Work program, at 10:30 tonight, dramatizes the work of the U. S. Marines.

January 4: The Green Hornet, mystery thriller, is on NBC-Blue now, with an installment tonight and another one Saturday night. If you like excitement, don't miss it.

January 11: Tonight's your last chance to hear Henry Busse's orchestra playing over CBS. He closes tonight at the Netherland Plaza in Cincinnati.

January 18: One of those unpredictable Columbia Workshop Plays is on CBS tonight at 10:00. Unpredictable because it might be wonderful and it might be terrible—why don't you listen in and see?

January 25: Those We Love, on NBC-Red at 8:30, is gathering more listeners every week for its good acting, good writing, and generally human qualities. Your Studio Snooper thinks you'll like it.

ON THE AIR TODAY: The O'Neills, sponsored by Procter and Gamble Co., heard today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12:15 P.M., E.S.T., over NBC-Red.

Tune in The O'Neills, and it's like dropping into any American family circle—because The O'Neills is the story of an American family and its friends. It's been on the air for almost six years, and is still one of the most popular of daily serials.

The author of The O'Neills is big, jolly Jane West. She also plays the part of Mrs. Trudy Bailey on her program, and has done so ever since it first went on the air. She didn't have an easy time selling her idea for a family serial, because in those days it was considered too large a slice of real life, and too lacking in glamorous romance, to put on the air. Jane argued, however, that everybody likes to know everybody else's business, and that this curiosity couldn't help but make housewives tune in a story about an ordinary family. She gets her material for The O'Neills from actual happenings in real life—in fact, when Peggy O'Neill Kayden had a baby, she had twins—and Miss West herself is the mother of twins.

The twins are played on the air by Janice Gilbert, who also is heard as Janice Collins. Janice is another of radio's few baby-specialists, although that's a small part of her versatility. She isn't sixteen yet, but she plays various young-girl roles, from babies to debutantes, and is also an accomplished dialect artist. She looks more of a grown-up young lady than she really is, with her brown curly hair, gray-blue eyes and fair complexion.

Mother O'Neill is Kate McComb, a stately, white-haired veteran of the stage and radio. Nothing thrills Kate more than having parents write to her that their own children have become more considerate and affectionate after they've listened to her kindly philosophy on the air. Young Danny O'Neill is played by Jimmy Tansey, who is as Irish-American as his air character, and who has been on the stage since he was eight. Traveling around the country with his mother in a stock company, he managed to attend twenty-three schools in fifteen states before he completed his education.

The other regular members of the long cast are Claire Niessen as Peggy O'Neill Kayden; Chester Stratton as Monte Kayden; Jimmy Donnelly as Eddie Collins; Jack Rubin as Morris Levy; Helen Claire as Sally Scott; Linda Carlon as Mrs. Scott; David Gothard as Bruce King; Selena Royle as Joan; Arline Blackburn as Eileen Turner, and Roy Fant as Grandpa Hubbell. And the theme song, in case you hadn't already recognized it, is the Londonderry Air (Danny Boy), played by organist William Meeder.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

CHARLES CARROLL—Or Dr. Tubby Scott in Valiant Lady, on NBC-Red at 2:30 this afternoon. Charles probably would be a musician today, except that despite five years of studying the saxophone he never learned how to play popular music—and there isn't much of a living in the saxophone if you limit yourself to the classical kind of music. Charles is six feet tall, and is too superstitious to whistle in a dressing room. He's acted on the stage, and back in 1930 and 1932 he made a couple of trips from Seattle to the Panama Canal on freight vessels, just to see how much he liked traveling on the ocean.

...ever pack a suitcase?

How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they're wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex* sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully *folded* center (with more material where you need it . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally —it's less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too . . . for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!

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All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers... flat, tapered ends... and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

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ITS NEW SOFTNESS

PROVE
ITS NEW SAFETY

COMPARE
ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Eastern Standard Time

Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time		
		8:00	CBS: **Today In Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Show**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
7:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **THE GUIDING LIGHT**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Dr. Daniel A. Poling**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Fed. Women's Clubs**
	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Music Appreciation**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Name It and Take It**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Josef Marais**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum an' Abner**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
6:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: **PROFESSOR QUIZ**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Yesterday's Children**
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Carson Robison's Buckaroos**
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Johnny Presents**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **George Jessel**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Young Man With a Band**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Behind the Headlines**

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Stella Dallas and Laurel—Anne Elstner and Vivian Smolen.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 29, January 5, 12 and 19!

December 29: It's getting near to 1940, and Colonel Stoopnagle solemnly observes the fact by broadcasting his New Year resolutions tonight on Mutual's Quixie Doodle show, 8 o'clock. . . . And Mutual celebrates its third anniversary of being a coast-to-coast network with some special gala programs . . . Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra opens at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago tonight—you can listen over CBS.

January 5: There's a championship prizefight coming to you tonight over NBC-Blue from Madison Square Garden in New York—between Melio Bettina and Fred Apostoli for the light heavyweight championship. Bill Stern does the announcing.

January 12: Xavier Cugat's orchestra goes into the Colony Club, veddy-veddy swank Chicago night spot. It will broadcast over NBC.

January 19: Benay Venuta's back on Mutual these Friday nights—listen to her at 9:30.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Stella Dallas, on NBC-Red at 4:15 this afternoon, E.S.T., sponsored by the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company.

Remember the heart-tugging movie that Barbara Stanwyck starred in a few years back—or the previous one with Belle Bennett as Stella? Well, here are the further adventures of Stella and Laurel and Steven.

Anne Elstner plays Stella, bringing to the part all the experience and ability gained in a radio career that goes back to 1923, when she appeared in a radio version of her stage success, "Sun-Up." Old-time radio listeners will remember her as "Cracker" in the long-run series, Moonshine and Honeysuckle. She's a Southern girl—born at Lake Charles, Louisiana—and came to New York to go on the stage. Anne has brown hair, likes to ride, hunt and swim, and hopes to travel when she retires from radio work. She's married, and likes to putter around the house, cook and sew.

In the role of Steven Dallas you hear Arthur Hughes. Talk to him away from the microphone and you'll find that his voice is the same in real life as it is over the air—deep and resonant, and warm with human understanding. He can change it, though, to play villains—and does, every now and then, for a part on some other program. Like Anne, he likes to travel, but his idea is to see America first—and always has been, even before the war. He's fond of plain American cooking, doesn't go in for night clubs, and spends many evenings in the theater.

As Laurel, their daughter, Vivian Smolen has her first important radio job. She's a petite New York girl, unmarried and so far not even interested in marriage—in spite of the fact that her love-interest in the serial, Dick Grosvenor, is played by Macdonald Carey, one of radio's handsomest leading men. Carey is a comparative newcomer to radio, but he's gone a long way in a short time.

Stella Dallas has two theme songs for your enjoyment—the haunting "Old Refrain," and "Memories," which is one more than most day-time serials use. The other folks in the cast are Jane Huston as Mrs. Grosvenor, Julie Benell as Helen Dallas, Richard Keith as Arthur Mason, and Arnold Moss as Ahmed.

Like all the NBC serials which originate in New York, Stella Dallas is broadcast from one of the tiny studios in Radio City. Sound-proofed and windowless, these small studios honeycomb the third and fourth floors of the big RCA Building, and if you tried to find your way around without a guide you'd probably get lost. The big third-floor foyer, though, is a friendly place, where all the actors and actresses congregate before and after rehearsals. Gossip flies thick and fast there, because, with its roominess and comfortable chairs, the foyer is the nearest thing to a club New York radio actors have.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ETHEL OWEN—another of the Valiant Lady cast, who plays Abby Trowbridge. You also hear her regularly in character parts on Mr. District Attorney, Sunday evenings on NBC-Blue. Ethel only recently came to New York from Chicago, where she was doing all right on various programs. She just packed up and left, thinking she'd like to see how things were in New York. Now she's doing just as well there as in Chicago. Tall and blonde, Ethel is one of radio's best-dressed women. At rehearsals, when she's not actually at the mike, she sits in one corner of the studio, chatting and crocheting, which she says relaxes her.

What's New From Coast to Coast?

(*Continued from page 9*)

Don't ever let yourself be impressed by the glib way Sunda Love, star of the CBS Stepmother serial, can speak French. It sounds wonderful, but the truth is Sunda has a remarkable pair of ears—so remarkable that she has learned to speak French just by hearing it. But she'd be as lost as anybody else in Paris, because she understands the language almost not at all.

* * *

Selena Royle had to wait six months before she received congratulations from her husband on her fine work as the star of the CBS serial, Woman of Courage. The reason was that Woman of Courage isn't broadcast over any of CBS stations near New York, and Earl Larimore, Selena's husband, never heard her until he went on tour in the South in a stage play. Then he sent her a telegram telling her how good she was.

* * *

It will be a long time before South Carolina's station WCSC broadcasts another "salute to Orson Welles." On the first anniversary of the Orson Welles "Man from Mars" program which terrified thousands of people all over the country, WCSC put on a fictional radio play in honor of Orson, dramatizing a fantastic story which included a death ray that went berserk and began sucking up and destroying all the atmosphere of the earth. Seven times during the broadcast the story was halted and an announcer carefully explained that it was all in fun—there was no death ray, and the earth's atmosphere was still intact. But by the end of the hour several hundred people had run out of their homes in their night clothes, terrified, and the station's switchboard was swamped with calls from frightened listeners. Locally, it turned out to be almost as big a panic as the Welles affair had been nationally.

* * *

So you thought swing musicians were the only ones who ever indulged themselves in jam sessions? Not at all—the dignified instrumentalists of the New York Philharmonic Society can, and do, jive right along with the rest of them. After a particularly hard rehearsal, these musical great like to swing out in a half-hour jam session, trading intruments, picking up a chance musical phrase and embroidering on it as their fancies dictate, and having a fine time generally. Close your eyes so you can't see Carnegie Hall's austere lines, and you'd swear you were in the Onyx Club.

* * *

Did you know that Elaine Sterne Carrington, author of radio's Pepper Young's Family and When a Girl Marries, recently published a book of short stories too? Its title is "All Things Considered," and it contains ten short stories, Mrs. Carrington's favorites among her own work over a period of several years. The publisher is Julian Messner, Inc.

SEEIN' DOUBLE

Millions of women know that tattle-tale gray hasn't a chance—when the *golden* Fels-Naptha bar tackles the wash. They know it's the liveliest, busiest dirt-chaser that ever swished in a tub. But did you know this...?

You can now get Fels-Naptha in chip form, too! Huskier chips that work wonders just like the grand *golden* bar! Chips specially made to whisk *all* the dirt out of clothes—to banish tattle-tale gray! Now at last...

You can get Fels-Naptha's *extra* help any and every way you wash! For in the chips as well as in the bar, you get richer, *golden* soap combined with that wonderful dirt-loosener, *naptha!* Use the bar for bar-soap jobs. See how quickly it hustles out dirt—without hard rubbing! See how gorgeously white and sweet it gets your clothes. And...

Wherever you've been using box-soap, put the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips to work. They speed washing machines because they're HUSKIER—not puffed-up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they give oodles of rich suds because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. So try Golden Chips or Golden Bar—and banish tattle-tale gray.

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA—BAR OR CHIPS

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	CBS: **Today In Europe**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
		8:15	CBS: **Odd Side of the News**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Dick Liebert**
		8:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **Harvey and Dell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Texas Robertson**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Old Vienna**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Cloutier's Orch.**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **The Crackerjacks**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Bull Session**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Ross Trio**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Wise Man**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Rakov Orchestra**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **No School Today**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hill Billy Champions**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Charioteers**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bright Idea Club**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Young People's Concert**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Cloutier Orch.**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Ross Trio**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Hilda Hope, M.D.**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Education Forum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Eastman School of Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Country Journal**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **FARM BUREAU**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Three Quarter Time**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **METROPOLITAN OPERA**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Ray Kinney Orch.**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Orchestra**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Sonny James Orch.**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Laval Orchestra**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Del Courtney Orchestra**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten**
3:05	5:05	6:05	CBS: **Albert Warner**
3:05	5:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: **Les Brown Orch.**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **What's Art to Me**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Religion in the News**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **What's My Name**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Sky Blazers**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Art for Your Sake**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Gang Busters**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The Green Hornet**
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Glenn Miller Orchestra**
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Wayne King's Orch.**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Youth vs. Age**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Stop Me If You've Heard This One**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Crosby**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **NBC SYMPHONY**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Gay Nineties Review**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Dance Music**

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Joe Howard and Beatrice Kay in a Gay Nineties number.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 30, January 6, 13 and 20!

December 30: This isn't really New Year's Eve, but you can start celebrating—and your Studio Snooper bets you will—if you like. . . . From 11:30 A.M. to noon, CBS puts on a program from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, Bob Trout announcing. This is the first time in the history of the Exchange a microphone has been allowed there. . . . Desire de Fauw, Belgian conductor, directs the NBC Symphony orchestra for the last time tonight, NBC-Blue at 10:00. . . . CBS presents Twelve Crowded Months, reviewing the news highlights of the last year, from 10:15 to 11:15 tonight.

January 6: Bernardino Molinari, famous Italian conductor, starts a month's series of concerts with the NBC Symphony tonight—NBC-Blue at 10:00 . . . Bob Crosby and his orchestra take over the Camel Caravans—tonight at 10:00, NBC-Red.

January 13: One of the quiz shows that has proved its popularity over a long period of months has moved to NBC-Red. It is called What's My Name—tonight at 7.00.

January 20: There's a rip-roaring aviation-adventure program on CBS at 7:30 tonight, called Sky Blazers, and starring Colonel Roscoe Turner.

ON THE AIR TONGHT: The Gay Nineties Revue, on CBS from 10:15 to 10:45, starring Joe Howard and Beatrice Kay.

Here's a rambunctious show that kids the living daylights out of the Good Old Days and gives everybody listening in a lot of fun in the process. Everybody in the CBS playhouse where it originates has a lot of fun too, because all the singers and actors appear on the stage wearing Gay Nineties costumes.

As its master of ceremonies you hear Joe E. Howard, who is 73 years old this January. Quite a character, Joe is. He's been in the entertainment business sixty years, has made and lost $1,500,000 in that time, has written more than five hundred songs, some of them international hits, once claimed the bantomweight boxing championship of the world, has been married seven times and now is the proud father of a nine-year-old son, and is still going very strong.

You've sung or whistled many of his songs—one you must remember is "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" which sold three million copies. Another big success was "Somewhere in France is the Lily," for which he received $50,000 for the recording rights alone. The songs Joe sings on the Gay Nineties Revue are all those he has written himself, and he's nowhere near the end of the list, though he's been with the show ever since a few weeks after it first went on the air last July.

The Revue's "soubrette" or comedienne is Beatrice Kay, of the high and squeaky voice. Beatrice was a successful stage and night club singer before she came to radio.

The other members of the company, with Ray Bloch's orchestra, are the Elm City Four—Philip Reep, first tenor, Claude Reese, second tenor, Hubie Hendry, baritone, and Darrel Woodyard, bass—the Floradora Girls, who are Elizabeth Newberger, Marjorie Bullard and Ann Seaton; Billie Green, who appears with Beatrice in comedy skits, soprano Genevieve Rowe, and Broadway Harry, who is played by Frank Lovejoy.

It's not as much of a job as you might think to dig up old costumes for every broadcast. Different costumes are used each week, but Beatrice has a large collection of them, left to her by her mother, a famous modiste, and two great-aunts who were noted costumers back in the nineties. She even has a pair of red cotton stockings with lace inserts in the insteps, which belonged to her grandmother but were never worn because Grandma's family considered them too naughty. Other old-time clothes, for Beatrice and the rest of the cast, come from professional costumers.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

BERNARDINO MOLINARI—The present conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, heard tonight on the Blue network at 10:00. While not as famous as his countryman Toscanini, Molinari is one of Italy's best-known conductors, internationally as well as in his own country. He's tall and rather stern-looking, but the musicians who work with him say he isn't as forbidding as he looks. In music, he likes modern composers almost as well as the classical ones, and you'll probably hear him leading the NBC men in at least one or two new compositions. He's scheduled to continue directing the orchestra through February 3.

Love at First Sight

(*Continued from page* 30)

it, joyously planning each detail. Then, one sunny day last May, Fibber took his Molly for a drive. Going through the famous Pass into San Fernando Valley, just over the hills from Hollywood, he turned down a shady lane and drove slowly past a white house, set in a garden.

"McGee, look!" suddenly exclaimed Molly. "There's our dream house come to life. Let's drive in and pretend it is ours."

So, McGee, almost bursting with excitement, turned in at the wide gate and drove through the tree-lined driveway straight up to the front door. Then he told her he had discovered this spot the day before, that it was for sale, and that he had brought her out to see it!

Again, it was love at first sight for both of them and a few days before their twenty-first wedding anniversary, they were moving in.

There were tears in Fibber's eyes that day, tears of happiness that Molly pretended not to see. It wasn't just that they had their own dream house at last. It was so much more. For finally, after almost a year's illness, Molly was well again—and would stay well as long as she could live here in the valley, in the warm, health-giving sunshine. Fibber and Molly, together again on the air, sharing a home they'd only been able to share in their dreams until now!

OUTDOOR living—the truly California custom, is carried out in this white Monterey-type house, which gives the feeling of rooms and gardens merging together. Every room on the first floor opens onto the wide terrace, gay with lounging chairs and swings, that extends the entire length of the house in the back. Beyond the terrace is the swimming pool.

Upstairs, the bedrooms open onto the front balcony, and Molly's room is in the softest shades of peach and green, the colors being repeated in the dressing room and bath. There's a fireplace for cool evenings and deep comfortable chairs.

In the garden is a live oak, the largest in the valley, which has its own tradition. Long ago, so it is said, Indians traveled many miles to lean against the tree's broad trunk, believing they would absorb some of its mighty strength. McGee has built a barbecue pit, with all the picnic fixings, under the spreading branches.

McGee's greatest joy is his workshop. It is fully equipped with machines and gadgets, which Molly says he's been collecting for years, and here he indulges in his pet hobby of carpentry.

Just over a little bridge is the playhouse, very complete with a game room across the front, a corner fireplace, and a miniature kitchen.

"We have nearly three acres," says McGee enthusiastically, "and that's all the responsibility I want. We're getting a terrific kick watching our fruit and nut trees, berries and grapes grow like magic. We're within nine miles of the NBC studios in Hollywood, where we broadcast. There's a contentment, a peace that is very satisfying, and as our son and daughter love it too, it looks as if we have finally found a place to stay put the rest of our lives."

*Nancy Kelly and Joel McCrea in the 20th Century-Fox hit "He Married His Wife". Her hands are delightful! Cultivate romantic softness in your hands with Jergens Lotion.

Your Hands need not get wretchedly rough and chapped. How other girls help prevent this . . .

You'll *hardly know your hands* after just a few applications of Jergens Lotion—they're so much lovelier! More desirably soft to touch. Jergens supplies beautifying moisture most girls' hand skin needs, especially in winter. Gives your skin the benefit of 2 fine ingredients many doctors use to help harsh skin to satin-smoothness. Regular use helps prevent sad roughness and chapping. No stickiness! Easy to apply after every handwashing. No wonder more women use Jergens than any other lotion. Have romantic, smooth "Hollywood" hands. Start now to use this famous Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00, at beauty counters everywhere. Get Jergens Lotion today, sure.

CUPID'S HINT

Rough, red hands are so disillusioning! Jergens Lotion furnishes beauty-giving softening moisture for your skin.

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

New—for satin-smooth complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against dull dry skin. Try it! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. *Mail this coupon today to:*

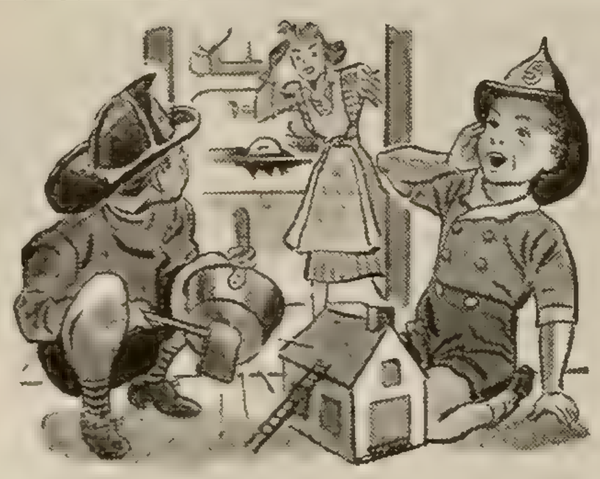
The Andrew Jergens Co., 3512 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

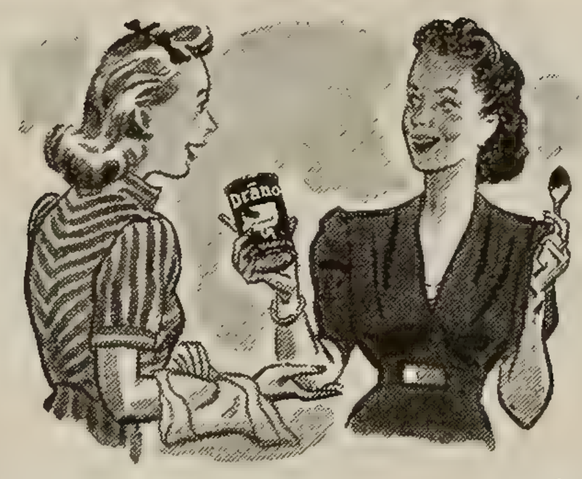
VISITING FIREMAN SAVES LADY!



1. "Stop that noise!" pleads Mrs. Cates. "I've got trouble enough . . . with a sinkful of dishes—and the drain clogged tight!"

2. "My Ma knows how to fix clogged drains!" states Fire-Chief Billy, the boy from next door. "She uses some stuff in a can. I'll get her!"

3. Billy's Mother appears with Drāno—puts Drāno down the drain. It *digs out* all the clogging grease and muck—clears the drain completely!



4. "That's the easy, modern way to clear a clogged drain!" smiles the neighbor. "And a teaspoonful of Drāno every night helps *keep* drains clean!"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

WHY HUSBANDS HURRY HOME!

It's really amazing to see how you can put new spark, new temptation, into everyday meals, without spending a cent more for food! Actually, these tempting meals often cost less, and husbands hurry home because these menus are the kind men rave about. Nothing fancy, no frills, just smart cooking ideas.

ONLY 25c Wrap stamps or coins safely.

These menus, and over 900 easy, economical recipes, are in the new "EVERY HOMEMAKER'S COOK BOOK," written especially for readers of this magazine. Bright colorful washable cover, 192 pages, patent "lie-flat" binding stays open at the right place. 17 helpful chapters; quick easy index.

Address Dept. CB-19, Readers' Service Bureau, Radio and Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

STOP CHAPPING

with regular use of . . .

ITALIAN BALM

1. Safeguards skin beauty against chapping, dryness from in-door heat, hard water, housework.

2. Contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular advertised brands of lotion.

3. Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin. Leaves no stickiness.

4. Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Priced—10c, 20c, 35c, 60c, $1.00 a bottle.

OVER 90 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

Why Artie Shaw Walked Out on Love and Music

(*Continued from page* 21)

to why he quit; he could not go on and continue to be honest with himself. That self-honesty has torn Artie apart. Ever since I've known him—and that was before an unknowing public made him an idol—he has been one of the unhappiest of men. I don't think he has ever been really happy. Too many varying forces have plucked at him and destroyed that delicate balance of soul satisfaction which is so important to every human. So many times he has tried to find happiness. Each time he thought he had it in his hands and each time it escaped him.

His agonizing search brought him too quickly from boyhood to maturity. He ran away from home when he was 15. He starved and he sweated but the rainbow didn't come any nearer. When he was 20, he was a successful free-lance musician. He should have been happy but there was a gnawing inside that wouldn't let him alone. He tried to ease his unrest by educating himself. Then he thought he'd found love in a gracious interlude that brought peace and joy and a gentle quiet. But it was a marriage doomed from the first. Three short months it lasted and then it was smashed. Another dream, another search ended.

THREE years later, he turned his back on the music business for the first time. He wasn't important then and only his co-workers ever noticed that he was gone. He was hunting again for that elusive wraith of happiness. It had slipped farther and farther away from him. He was honest with himself then, too, and found that music was no longer a joy to him—but a business. With that discovery the wraith vanished. He returned to a farm and tried to write. He married again. The ache was dulled, the daggers inside of him turned on themselves. For a year he had happiness and then it fled. He had to admit to himself that music, not words, was his gift. Love and happiness left together and now there was only his clarinet.

He fought to beat life. On the surface he did. He built a dream band and it failed but he shook his head and put another orchestra together and won. There isn't a music lover in America who doesn't know how great that victory was. But it was a material victory. Only for a while did it satisfy the wild longing within Artie. He thought he would be able to do the things he had dreamed about. He longed to play a new kind of swing music, music that kept time to the rhythmic heart-beat of America. Box-office calculators and idol-worshippers wouldn't permit him. They demanded not genius but a mob psychologist.

If you were observant, you caught the first hint of Artie's final decision when reports of his activities on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's movie lots began trickling in from the Coast. Astonished columnists reported that Shaw refused to repeat the lines of dialogue assigned to him in his first starring picture, "Dancing Co-Ed". His excuse was "they sound silly." They couldn't understand that. But if you know Artie, you know that

now, definitely, he would refuse to compromise with himself, with his own sincerity and honesty.

They attacked him again when word got around that he had bought a house in Beverly Hills. The boys who congregate along Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard thought Artie was showing off. They didn't know that that house was a symbol of happiness to him.

Just a week before he left New York, he told me about his house:

"It is perched 'way up on top of a bluff. You can sit there on the front porch and look straight out to the ocean. Look another way—the mountain is your background and the view stretches for 60 miles. It's quiet and it's peaceful—and it's beautiful. I'm going to give up all this soon and that's where I'm going to live."

IT was in Hollywood, too, that Artie met Betty Grable. The gossips hopped on that quickly. Here was another story made to order for the city room and they worried it like a cat worries and tosses a mouse. Betty and Artie parted when he had to head east, but New York was to be their meeting place.

Before he and his band returned to Manhattan, they spent weeks on the road—playing at dance-halls, theaters, hotels. Artie was tired, awfully tired, when he reached Broadway and the Strand Theater. He had noticed jitter-bug exhibitionism, he had heard the comments about himself, the remarks about Betty and him, and his pride—in himself, in his work, in his band—suffered. When a newspaperman came to interview him, he told him exactly what he thought.

The results of that interview hurt. It was said that Shaw hated jitterbugs, that he was biting the hands whose applause made him what he was. And Artie had meant nothing of the kind—his remarks were aimed only at a relatively small group of exhibitionists whose poor taste and manners had given swing a bad name. Then Shaw cancelled his radio contract and the wise-acres reported that his sponsor had fired him because he had offended his followers.

I was at the Pennsylvania the night he opened. Betty was there, too. It was the first time I had ever seen her and I discovered then what must have drawn Artie to her. He began to talk of marriage again. But Betty's divorce from Jackie Coogan was almost a year in the future. They were together only when he could take a few hours away from work or she could spare time from rehearsals. That wasn't the sort of thing he wanted. And music could no longer quiet the longing within him. He began to be dissatisfied with his orchestra. He couldn't transmit to his men the ideas, the inspirations he felt. Music, once again, had come to be nothing but a business. I noticed that, I thought, when I spent an afternoon with Artie and the band at a recording session. Something was gone. The fire, the spirit Artie and his clarinet had given to sometimes prosaic tunes to make them great and unique.

That was when he told me about his California home. He told me how he planned to spend his years there, give up the band business and make whatever money he had to have playing his kind of music as a soloist on radio or records. He would devote the rest of his time to composing and trying to write again. He was ready to seek happiness once more.

THAT is why his story is incredible. In 22 of the 29 years that Artie has lived, he has lifted himself from poverty, from a background with no advantages, to wealth and glory and security. But he tossed it away because he refused to compromise with life. He left when thousands were calling his the country's greatest swing band and he himself was already known as music's foremost clarinetist. A completely normal person in that position may have withstood the constant pressure of agents with contracts to sign, of autograph hounds, of people on your track day and night with recording dates, theater engagements and dollars—thousands of them—to be made. Another may have taken more quietly the bold theft of his private life—never a look, a word or an embrace that wasn't noted and recorded.

But Artie couldn't. He refused to accept the true with the false; the gold with the dross. He saw no reason why his privacy should be invaded. Why his music, instead of remaining on the high level of art he had set for it, should be commercialized.

He has gone. But, though many disagree with me, I think he'll be back. Once again he'll try. This time, too, there will be no compromise. From now until his return, I believe he will work on another new musical idea. If the public likes it, he will be ready to give it to them. If not? He has the answer ready.

Does Betty fit into that picture? I don't think so. A few days before he left, a gossip columnist rumored that Betty already had a new heart interest. That may have hastened Artie's decision. But it had to come. He was nearing the end of his soul-rending, almost breathless search. He had to be free. His self-honesty demanded that he say good-bye to all he had drained the blood of his young years to build.

I hope he gets there this time.

DEVIL'S ORGY

Perhaps you saw the newsreel . . . "Buildings fell on all sides of me . . . My only thought was to get to my wife and children . . . Bullets were whizzing everywhere . . . For three days I wandered like a madman . . . Finally in the smouldering ruins of what had been our home . . . I found them!"

Read this poignant story AMID SHANGHAI'S BOMBS I PRAYED by Wang Gin Chun in the January issue of the non-sectarian magazine

YOUR FAITH

AT YOUR NEWSDEALER'S

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

SMART MODERNS PREFER

DeLONG

BOB PINS

Show off your figure with a flattering corselet dress. Show off your hair with secure chignon, fluffy bangs.

Softly draped berets make smart headlines... *'won't slip'* Bob Pins keep coiffures smooth.

Military neatness marks her princess dress . . . and her up-in-front, down-in-back hair do.

EX-LAX MOVIES

The Taming of Tommy the Terrible

TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you *will* like!

TOMMY: M-m-m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a cinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

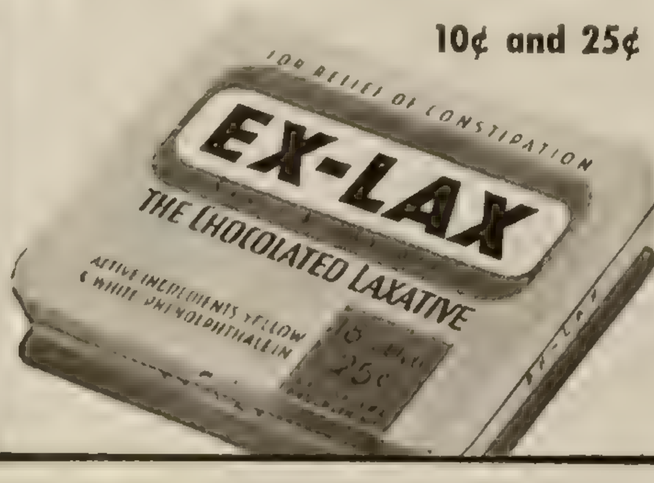
MOTHER: Yes, its name is Ex-Lax and it's not only good—it's good for you!

TOMMY: Whoopee! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine . . . You'll never have to force me to take that!

MOTHER: Right! From now on, Dad and I are going to use Ex-Lax, too!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

From a one-time spot to a regular feature on the Kate Smith Hour—meet funnymen Abbott and Costello.

YOU'LL always see them together—a short, fattish one with a large cigar, and a tall, slender one with a penchant for green suits. They're Abbott and Costello, comedians on the Kate Smith Hour, heard every Friday night at 8:00 o'clock over the Columbia Broadcasting System. They breeze into the studio with a "hi'ya neighbor" to everyone, go on the air for five or six minutes, never using a script because they prefer to memorize their lines, and then they dash back to the musical show, "The Streets of Paris", in which the boys play the comedy leads. This, not seeming to keep them quite busy enough, the Messrs. Abbott and Costello are playing an engagement at the Versailles, one of New York's fashionable supper clubs.

This three-ring stardom climaxes a hectic career in burlesque and vaudeville, but Bud Abbott (the straight man) and Lou Costello (the fall guy) attribute it largely to Ted Collins, who gave them their first big-time chance on the Kate Smith show. Ted spotted them in a New York vaudeville house and booked them for a one-time spot, which led to another—and finally, they were signed as a regular feature.

Bud Abbott was born in a circus tent at Coney Island and comes from a family long identified with show business. Lou Costello won a scholarship at a prep school for being a crack baseball player; wearied of that and hitch-hiked to Hollywood, where he appeared in about sixty silent pictures, playing every conceivable type of part. When talkies arrived, Lou returned to New York and went into vaudeville. When the straight-man in his act fell sick, Abbott volunteered to step in . . . and so the team of Abbott and Costello was formed.

Both Lou and Bud married stage girls whom they met in Washington just ten years ago—the first year they started working as a permanent team . . . and from all the indications, their zany kind of humor, which seems so made for each other, will keep them together a long time to come.

Mrs. R. I. Richards, Antigo, Wisconsin—Ken Griffin, who plays the leading role in Road of Life and Backstage Wife is a strapping six-footer, who was born in Enid, Oklahoma, thirty years ago. He arrived in Chicago six years ago, a helper on a motor truck with a single dollar in his pocket, and without any previous dramatic experience, he secured a $15.00 a week job as an actor at the Century of Progress Exposition. Later, he took a radio audition which brought him to the air. Ken's one extravagance is his motor boat "Revenge". Some day, when Ken retires from the radio, he'll be found building bigger and better boats.

Miss Shirley Dawson, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada—The cast of the radio drama Big Sister is as follows:

Ruth Evans Brewster.....Alice Frost
David Brewster..Alexander Kirkland
Dr. John Wayne.....Martin Gabel
Sue Evans Miller.....Haila Stoddard
Jerry Miller.....Ned Weaver
Ned Evans.....Junior O'Day
Harriet Durant.....Elizabeth Love
Wellington Durant..Charles Webster
Asa Griffin.....Teddy Bergman

FAN CLUB SECTION

Miss Dorothy O'Brien of 343 Lakeview Park, Rochester, New York, is president of a newly formed **Alice Reinhart** Fan Club and is most anxious to enlist a lot of new members. Miss Reinhart plays the role of Chichi Conrad in Life Can Be Beautiful.

Cute little **Donna Dae** of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians now has a fan club in her honor. If you'd like to join it and receive a personally autographed picture of Donna, write to Miss Alice Robertson, 47 No. Bleeker Street, Mount Vernon, New York.

If you would like to join the **Jeanette MacDonald** International Fan Club, you can do it by writing to Miss Marie Waddy, 567 Smith Street, Buffalo, New York. Incidentally, the club reports that there's a fine prize for the member who brings in the greatest number of new members.

Woman in Love

(*Continued from page 34*)

spray of fine blood drops. Across the farther door, across the walls on both sides this evidence had flown in a fine spray. Where had the murderer been standing when that first wild shower of drops had flashed evenly from Florice Fanette's head to those walls?

"He must have been standing somewhere, ladies and gentlemen. If a man killed her, some of that blood struck him. And where he stood the wall must be clean. Where is that clear space at all? That, simply, is my point. And I say that until it can be settled we may run the danger of condemning an innocent man.

"We don't deny this man and his wife quarreled. We don't deny that he had accused his wife of having too much to drink, and that she cried in anger at his reproach. That is admitted. We do assert that after the quarrel the friends who were spending the night in the room next to the Mallorys, Mr. and Mrs. Burnett, old friends from Hollywood, left the Mallorys. That before they went to their own room, and adjoining room, Florice said to Helen Burnett, 'When you two have finished with the bathroom let me know. I feel woozy. I'll take a hot bath.'

"Then you heard Helen Burnett testify that while she was brushing her teeth she heard heavy breathing from the adjoining room and called in to her husband, 'Could Mayne be asleep already? It sounds as if someone was sawing wood in there!'

"Helen Burnett finishes her ablutions and calls in to Florice, 'All clear, Florry!' and she goes out of the bathroom and hears Florice fussing around in there. Florice turns the key in the lock and calls through the door, 'Nighty-night, Gus and Helen! Lord, I do feel queer!'

"Not long afterward—Helen Burnett says perhaps fifteen minutes and perhaps half an hour afterward—she hears a bump and a splash and then hears Florice chuckling. Or, she says, it might have been someone laughing in the hall. We know now it was the breathing of a dying woman, but she didn't know that. . . ."

THE voice went on, on. George was not weary. Tamara, her whole soul and being and consciousness concentrated through the eyes that watched him so fixedly, knew that he believed what he was saying. And when the judge's turn came to speak, she thought that he believed it, too.

The jury, duly instructed, filed away, and again the court emptied and Tam and George went home to the new little apartment, to look at the papers and rest and await results. The summer afternoon was cold and windy, with grit blowing in the gray unfriendly streets.

They went out for dinner, glancing at every newspaper headline they passed; no more news of the Mallory case. At nine George went out to see his client. "No news until tomorrow," he said when he returned. Tamara was conscious of wishing herself in the middle of next year.

After two days of suspense, the jury was unable to agree, and was dismissed.

Martell telephoned George the

Popular Washington Deb says:

"Pond's New Rosy Powders are Tops for Glamour"

Hard and shiny

With just a pale powder, under harsh lights even May Byrne Simpson's fragile young face would harden . . . she'd be forever powdering an unromantically "shiny nose."

Soft, Romantic

Under the brightest lights, with Pond's Rosy "Glare-Proof" Powder, May's skin keeps a glamorous rose-petally look. And she doesn't have to bother her pretty head so often about "shiny nose."

New Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays . . . are "Glare-Proof". . . Shine-resistant

GLAMOUR find of the season for debutante "charmers" is Pond's Rosy Powder. With one of these shine-resistant Rose shades, even under harsh night-club lights, smart debs are still dazzling the stag line after hours of dancing.

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose shades keep bright lights from hardening faces—keep pert noses from shining longer—because they reflect only the softer, pinker rays.

Be glamour-wise! Choose the Pond's Rose shade that gives *your* skin that irresistible, rose-petally look. And combat that arch-enemy of Cupid—"shiny nose"! In 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes.

Or send for free samples of Pond's 3 glamorous Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream and Rose Brunette. Write for them today. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PB, Clinton, Conn.

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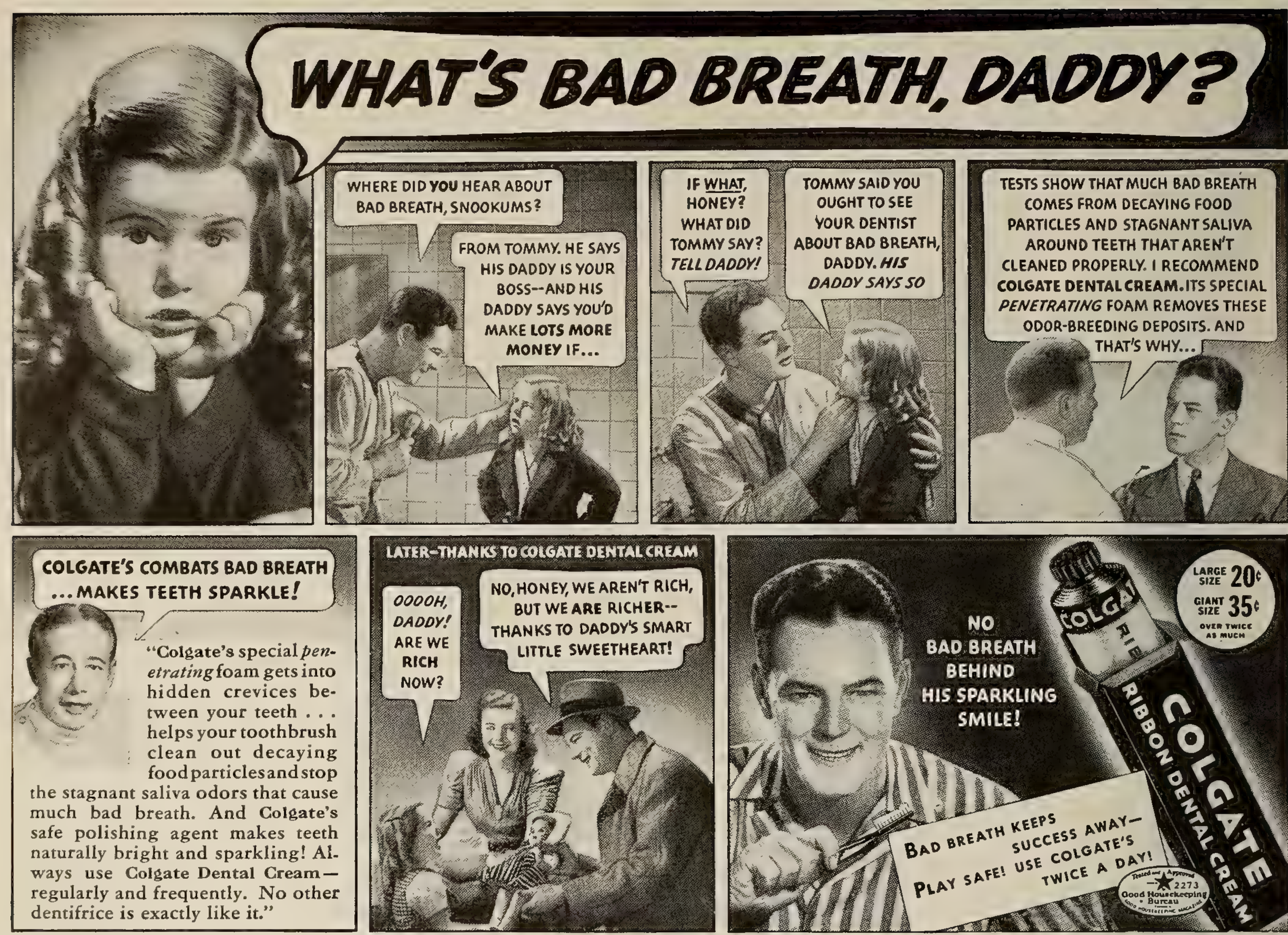

news late at night, and Tamara could see how pleased he was. Another triumph! He and she slept late, and in mid-morning left the dingy city and the flowing fog behind them, and went down to Belmont.

During the strangely quiet two weeks which intervened before Mayne Mallory's second trial, Tam and George and Mrs. Hutton between them reached a difficult decision—to send little Mary, with Mrs. Hutton, to Europe. On the surface, the only reason for going was to put Mary in a good art school, where she could develop the talent for painting she was already showing. Underneath, and only hinted at, there was another reason—to take Mary and Mrs. Hutton away from the scene of Mallory's trial, for safety's sake in case Mullins or Mallory himself might dig up some connection between them and Tam.

THEY left, going by way of the Panama Canal, a few days before the trial began, leaving Tam in that mood of exhaustion and flatness and heartaches that only partings give.

The campaign for many municipal offices, including that of district attorney, ran its course parallel to that of the second Mallory trial. George made speeches, raced about the city in a big car, was cheered at large meetings. Mayne shuffled in and out of the familiar shabby court room, sat dully staring at the floor, or raised heavy eyes to study the animated, confident face of his old enemy, Mullins. Mayne had dismissed George with dramatic dignity, to George's and Tam's enormous relief, and his lawyer this time was the famous old criminal defense star, Willoughby.

Mullins had found fresh evidence. He produced witnesses to the fact that Mayne when he had been drinking was a man given to violent displays of passion; he had once kicked a polo pony almost to death; he had injured a bellboy once by knocking him down.

"They've got him this time," George said.

Quite suddenly, without the threatened recount and despite the dire predictions of Mullins, George was elected district attorney.

"Well, that's over," George said on election night, as they walked home after spending the evening at old Judge Moore's house, where they had heard the returns.

"The only thing now is the verdict," Tam said. "When that's settled one way or the other—then I'll feel that I can start making a home for you!"

"You started a long time ago," George told her. "But about the verdict. If it goes against him he'll not bother us long. But if they find him innocent, or the judge gives him life, then we may have Mayne to deal with again."

Three days later George returned home at midmorning.

"Guilty?" she whispered when she saw him.

"They were out all night," he said. "They came back at ten-twenty this morning. Guilty, and no plea for clemency or anything else. Judge Oppenheim will sentence him Monday. They say he's to die in the week of December 10th."

Tam sat silent, stricken. She had expected it, but it was none the less terrible, none the less a thunderbolt when it came.

"They take him to San Quentin tomorrow. Tam, he wants to see you before he goes."

The last color drained from her face. Her lips moved without making a sound.

"I know," George said. "But he has asked for you. Willoughby came to the office and told me an hour ago. He doesn't know anything. He just said that Mallory had always admired my wife and had an old friendship with her, and he would like very much to see her."

"George, I could not! I—I would faint, I think. I could not." But before George could speak, Tamara's mood had changed, and she added in a whisper of infinite distress, "He is a dying man. Perhaps he never meant to be what he is, perhaps it isn't all his fault. If it made him feel happier . . ."

There was a long silence.

"Tam, it seems the turn of the screw," George said. "I know how you dread it. But it'd be tonight, only for a few minutes."

HER face was ashen and her blue eyes looked black.

"Of course," she said quickly. "Of course I'll go!"

Tam kept close to George as they crossed a wide marble-flagged entrance hall with a domed roof, entered large doors and walked down strange hallways scented with carbolic acid, past guards and warders, to a large room where there were four or five newspapermen, as many cameramen, several officers—and Mayne. Mayne saw them at once and got up from his chair.

They sat down at the end of the table, and Mayne took a chair that made their group somewhat apart from the others in the room.

"It surely is a long time since you and I have talked together, Tamara," Mayne said. And remembering what he had been, she found something heartbreaking in this hint of the old gallantry and ease.

"Oh, a long time!" Tamara agreed, her face colorless. Mayne looked heavily at George.

"I am surely in a mean jam, Mr. Davis," he said. "If you and I hadn't split, I'd be a free man tonight."

OH, I don't think you can say that. We might have put up a better show, but you never can be sure with a jury," George said. "It's too bad. You'll appeal, of course."

"He said so," Mayne answered indifferently. "But I think our best bet is the governor."

"He's a pretty hard man," George said doubtfully.

"Rose? Sure," Mayne conceded. "And that's why we want Tamara to get at him."

The old stupid, easy arrogance, the detestable plural, the significance of the glances he occasionally sent toward her, as one who had a secret understanding with him, all chilled Tamara's heart with a deadly chill. She tried to manage a sickly smile in answer to him.

"I don't know the governor," she said.

"That doesn't make any difference," Mayne assured her. "You get in touch with him, see? You tell him why you want him to let me off, see?"

"Yes, I think the next move could very well be an appeal to the governor," George said briefly. He looked at Tamara, whose expression of reluctance and sickness betrayed the misery she was in, and he put a hand over hers. "That will be quite simple, Tam," he said, "and not more than anyone would do for an old friend."

"If you want to put it that way!" Mayne said significantly.

"You know I will do all I can for you, Mayne," Tamara said for herself in a rather faint voice, but quickly. "George *did* do all he could—"

"But he ran for the office of district attorney right in the middle of my trial!" Mayne said angrily. "I saw he was giving just about half his attention to my case, and I switched to Willoughby."

"You told me to get out," George reminded him mildly.

"Well, they told me Willoughby could swing it," Mayne muttered.

"I thought he might myself," George said.

Mayne regarded him gloomily in the silence that followed. Then he seemed to make up his mind to take the plunge. "Maybe you don't know just exactly what good friends Tam and I used to be," he said, with his old trick of narrowing his eyes on a faint superior smile. "This is an important thing to me, Davis, and I'm not going to mince words with you. Your wife wrote me a letter a few years ago; I've got it—we don't need any of that 'old friend' talk. What she's got to tell the governor is that she and I were sweethearts a long time go. She got her husband to defend me because she still remembers—that's the line! No woman ever gets away from her first love; everyone knows that. What do I care what he thinks as long as he signs a pardon?"

Tamara was very white. She spoke simply.

"You don't think for one moment that George doesn't know all you know of me, and more?" she said. "I'm not quite such a fool as that."

Mayne looked from one to the other, suspiciously.

"Well, maybe he does," he said. "And maybe he'd like to look at that."

From his pocket he took a folded sheet of pale blue paper. This was not a long letter; it was but a dozen lines. She knew them all. George glanced at it, leaned toward his wife: "Here, you'll want that back again," he said.

"You aren't going to get away with it just the same," Mayne said sharply. "I'm in a tight corner, and you've got to get me out! I've never told anyone a word of this; I've never mentioned Tamara Todhunter to anyone. But you threw me down—and I could make it hot for you, Davis!"

YOU talk it over with Willoughby," said George, still speaking quietly, "and if you both think it the wisest thing Tam will certainly write to the governor, or see him—"

"Write him, nothing," Mayne said. "You've got to play this up big. Her old love returns—she will fight for his life—"

"I think I would rather have you do anything you can do, Mayne, than that I should do that," Tamara said with sudden spirit.

"How d'you mean, you'd rather have

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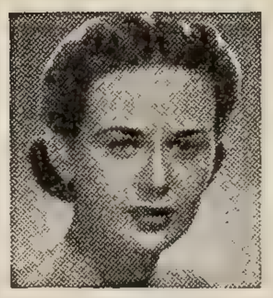

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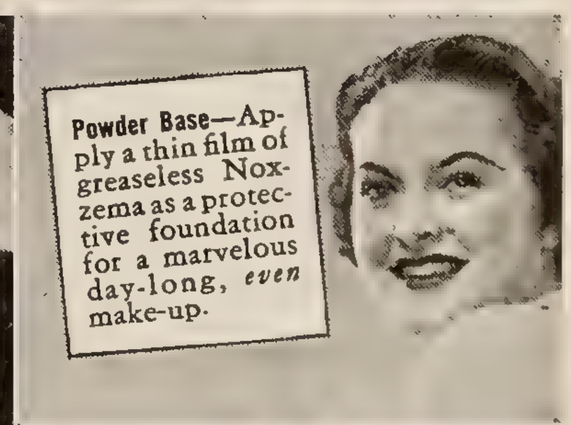

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me do anything I could? You aren't going to have much reputation left, anyway, when I get through!"

"Don't talk like a fool, Mallory; you're only wasting breath," George said, rising. "I've told you Tamara and I'll do what we can for you; you'll be much more sensible to keep your personal affairs under your hat. By spreading stories about her, you'll only hurt yourself. San Francisco loves her; they don't care what she did or didn't do eight years ago."

Mayne said hotly, "Maybe not, but just the same a story that she once loved me and is willing to sacrifice anything—everything—to save me, would go over just as big as ever! And that's what I want her to do."

"Nonsense!" George said sharply. "I think you're crazy." He folded the blue paper and put it into his breast pocket. "I think I'll keep this for a while, to be returned to you if the right occasion arises. Come on, Tamara!" White lines were showing at his jaw.

NOT so fast," Mayne said, rising too. "You can't get away with it! You'll write a nice letter to the governor and be sorry when they hang me! Well, I won't have it. Either you do like I want you to, or tomorrow morning the papers'll have the whole story."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't." They were all three standing now, and the watchful guard moved a little nearer. "Anyway," said Mayne, "I'll be photographed kissing my daughter good-bye."

There was a silence. Tamara sat down again.

"That makes a difference, doesn't it?" Mayne said. "Yes, I know about my little girl. Nobody ever knew I knew, but eight years ago I was sick in a hospital with a cut foot. The nurse I had talked to me—she's dead now. She didn't tell me any names, only that she'd had theatrical people before; she'd taken care of a little actress that was having a baby a few months before! Somehow I tied it all up. I'd bring in Tam's name and watch her; I'd lay traps, and she fell into them all. She talked about Belmont; she'd been there until a few weeks before my case.

"One day after I got well I went to Belmont. The rest was easy; the man at the gas station identified Tam, and I went up the road to the Hutton place. The old lady was there, digging plants, and the kid with her."

Tamara and George, seated again, regarded him in silence. Tam's face was drained of color.

"If you feel that way about it," she said presently, in a dead voice, "then there's nothing more to say. Mary is in Europe, you couldn't see her. But I suppose you could hurt her—scar her. I'll go to the governor. I'll talk him over—I'll get something, reprieve or retrial or pardon—something." She stood up, lovelier, George thought, than he had ever seen her before—her eyes dark, her mouth scarlet in her pale face.

"Well, remember time counts," Mayne said ungraciously. He tapped George's arm. "Perhaps you'll hand me back that letter," he said.

"I think I'll hold it," George answered. "You'll get it back, but I'm going to keep it now."

"Oh, no, you're not!" Mayne said.

"Mayne," Tamara began quickly, "can't you be generous? You weren't generous to me; but I've forgotten all that—"

"How do you mean I wasn't generous?" A dull, ugly red crept up under Mayne's unhealthy looking skin. "I suppose you're hinting now that all that—eight years ago—was my fault! Throwing that up to me! You weren't to blame at all, oh, no! Women never are—it's always the man—but you can bet your life the women know what they want—"

Words, quiet, swift, incredible poured from him. Tamara stood looking at him, panting a little, the fingers of one hand lightly touching her cheek.

"Oh, no, no, no! I was never like that!" she said in a whisper.

"You can shut up, Mallory!" George said, not raising his voice. But the hand moved, and the clenched knuckles connected with Mayne's jaw. George had one arm about Tamara as the big figure went down heavily like a log, Mayne's head striking something with a horrible meaty sound as he fell. "Come on, Tam, let's get out of this!" George said, rushing her through the group that instantly collected about them. "You know where I am," he said impatiently to an officer who tried to bar their way. "You know where to find me!"

TAM was frightened: Mayne's great limp body looked so boneless and helpless as men raised it from the floor.

"What happened?" the sergeant demanded at the door.

"Nothing. The man is a damn fool!" George said harshly. "Let us pass, will you? I want to get my wife out of this!" The officer stood back; Tam and George went out together.

Mayne Mallory never recovered consciousness. Two days later he died.

Has George's one moment of fury wrecked his and Tam's whole future? Read the enthralling final chapter of "Woman in Love" in the March issue of Radio Mirror, on sale at your favorite newsstand January 26.

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(*Continued from page* 28)

arms around me. I've seen love and faith in his eyes!

"Dear, darling Brenda," he has said over and over and over, "never doubt I love you. It's my fear of losing you that keeps me jealous. Love me enough to understand!"

Bless Ben Porter for hurrying to me with the news that Grant had telephoned me at Pierre's a dozen times—been told I would be given his message—that I was too busy to come to the 'phone. And not one message did I get.

Now, of course, I'll stop working for Pierre. I'm needed—at home.

September 21st.

I was very gay today. I went with Mimi to a grand cocktail party. She wants to be friends, apparently, and for Grant's sake I'm glad to hoist the white flag, too.

I haven't told Grant about Mimi. I didn't want to hurt him or worry him. Besides if he refused to believe some of the more incredible things she's done I couldn't blame him. For Mimi has never done anything but generous and loving things to him.

But to get back to the cocktail party . . . I wore my new forest green suit. Peter Van Doorn, a portrait artist I met at Southampton, was there. And he implored me to sit for my portrait.

"Women with Titian hair often wear green," he said. "And it's fitting they should. But they wear jade usually. You *would* know enough to wear that darker shade."

September 22nd.

Peter is painting my portrait. I had my first sitting today.

Last night at dinner Mimi and Grant and I were talking of Grant's birthday which is only a few weeks off. And I decided to give him my portrait. So later, while he and Mimi were having coffee, I stole into the library, telephoned Peter, and arranged for sittings.

It's going to be just a little difficult sitting for Peter. He isn't all business. But soon he'll discover it's really a portrait I want—not love-making and not flattery. Then we'll get on splendidly.

Later.

Peter just telephoned that Grant had come to his studio in a rage!

At first Peter denied I had been there. He knew, he said, that I wanted my portrait to be a surprise. But Grant found my bag stuffed in the side of a chair.

Now my surprise is ruined. Grant will understand when I explain—*I hope*. And tomorrow I'll pick up the sketches Peter has made and tell him I can't go on with it.

What most concerns me is how Grant knew I was at Peter's studio. I didn't use the family car. I took a taxi. Could Mimi have eavesdropped on my telephone call?

If only Grant wouldn't walk into the traps Mimi sets, counting on his jealousy. If only Grant wouldn't be jealous. He'll bring disaster to all of us if he doesn't learn to discipline his emotions. I'm sure of it. . . .

September 23rd.

Peter Van Doorn has been murdered!

It was four o'clock when I left Peter's studio. And he was alive.

Grant reached Peter's studio at four-thirty. And he was dead.

"Let me tell you about it from the beginning," Grant said tensely. "I called home here this afternoon to make my peace with you. I wanted to apologize for not coming home last night—after I'd found your bag in Van Doorn's studio and he'd lied to me about you being there. You know all about that, of course. He telephoned you, naturally.

"Well, when I called here Joseph told me he had driven you to Van Doorn's studio and you had told him not to wait. I went after you. And found Van Doorn on the floor, a knife beside him. It was pretty horrible. . . ."

September 24th.

They've arrested Grant. They traced me through the notations in Peter's appointment book. And the elevator boy they brought to identify me accused Grant.

"There's the gentleman I told you about," he announced excitedly. "There's the gentleman who was so white and shaky when he left poor Mr. Van Doorn's studio and I took him down in my car. . . ."

Grant's fingerprints tally with the fingerprints on the knife. I knew they

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would. Dazed, he picked up the knife and looked at it. He told me so last night.

September 25th.

Everyone believes Grant guilty—even Hellman, the famous criminal lawyer we've engaged for our defense.

It's horrible to see Grant in a cell . . . Horrible, horrible . . .

Money isn't always an asset. Right now Grant's money is a handicap. The public and press are taking the attitude that too many rich men commit murder, thinking they can buy their way free, and that it's time a stop was put to it.

September 25th—Later.

I've just come from Peter Van Doorn's studio. The day before yesterday when I was there—it seems an eternity ago—there was a half-finished portrait of a woman on the easel. It's gone! And in Peter's appointment book the initials "J. L." are noted again and again.

"J. L." is the woman of the unfinished portrait. I'm sure of it. And somehow she's involved in his murder. Otherwise why would she have taken her portrait away?

I'll recognize "J. L." if I see her. But will I ever see her?

My only hope is that she may not be able to resist coming to the trial.

September 26th.

I've just put the children to bed. I try to keep our tragedy away from them. But they hear the servants talk. And sometimes, for all my care, they see newspapers.

"God bless General Grant and let him come home safe . . ." Fran said.

Dick was more definite. "Don't let them put him in the electric chair," he prayed. "Please God!"

I cried out at that. And I was grateful when their warm little arms were thrown around me.

November . . . 15th, I think.

I'm in court all day. There's been no time for entries.

Grant pretends he has hopes of acquittal. And I pretend I'm delighted with the impression we're making on the jury. But we both know our days together are few indeed unless a miracle happens.

"J. L." could prove to be that miracle. Every day I watch for her.

November 18th.

"You could save Grant," Mimi told me tonight as we drove uptown. "Testify Van Doorn was your lover and the jury will consider Grant has every right to defend the honor of his home."

I looked horrified. "There must be another way . . ." I said.

"Don't be so pure," Mimi taunted me. "After all, it's because of you that Grant is in this mess . . ."

That was more than I could take.

"It's because of you Grant is on trial for his life—not because of me," I told her. "You listened to me talking on the telephone and you played upon Grant's jealousy and sent him to Peter's studio."

She was pale. But she ignored my accusations and continued talking.

"The unwritten law is Grant's only chance," she said. "Hellman, incidentally, asked me to broach the subject to you."

I didn't say so to Mimi but if that *is* the only way, I'll do it.

November 19th.

I've found "J. L." of the unfinished portrait! Her name is Judith Litchfield. I saw her in court and followed her home. But she dares me to put her on the stand.

"I'll tell them Peter Van Doorn was painting my portrait," she defied me. "I'll tell them I was in the studio when he was murdered. *And I'll tell them I saw your husband kill him!*"

Hellman begs us not to bring her into court. Nevertheless I've had her called. Grant feels, with me, that she may break under cross-examination.

November 20th.

Judith Litchfield went on the stand today. And she testified as she said she would.

"I saw the defendant stab him," she concluded. And there was no question about her effect on the jury.

"I doubt," Hellman told me coldly, "that even you can save your husband now."

And Mimi looked at me with hate naked in her eyes.

I wore a simple black dress as Hellman had instructed me to do.

I took the stand. And I testified in the way Hellman had coached me.

"I was lonely in New York," I began. "Mr. Van Doorn was kind to me. At first I didn't know he expected favors in return for his friendship. . . ."

Every word I uttered gave me pain. I had to keep telling myself they were only words and that if words could save Grant I should give them gladly.

"But when Mr. Van Doorn did ask favors," I went on slowly, "I . . ."

Grant sprang to his feet. "Stop," he cried. "Stop, Brenda, stop!"

The judge rapped for order. The District Attorney asked for a mistrial, insisting it all was a plot to influence the jury.

Then, down the center aisle, came a man no longer young, a man with a face the color of ashes. Every eye in the court-room was upon him. The attendants let him pass. And the air was fraught with tension, the way it is before a storm. And when that man came up to the judge's bench the storm broke.

"I killed Peter Van Doorn!" He screamed it. "I'm the husband of Judith Litchfield who has just testified. Men like Van Doorn should be killed—like rats. But I can't let an innocent man die for my crime."

Then, before anyone had fully grasped his words—there was the sharp report of a pistol and he fell—gladly I thought—to the floor while Judith Litchfield screamed.

November 21st.

Grant is home! Grant is free!

We're going to drive into the country and rest for a while at an old inn Grant knows about. We're taking the children with us.

In many ways I feel I should go off with Grant alone. On the other hand the children have come through a frightful time too. I don't want them to feel even a little slighted now.

A woman with children who takes a second husband needs a sensitive antenna. For she must anticipate even those trivialities of conduct that might cause her husband or her children to feel insecure in her affections.

But one thing has happened to make me hope that the future will be easier. Mimi has left New York. I think she felt a little ashamed, when she saw how far I was really willing

to go to save Grant . . . and when she saw how stanchly Grant supported me. I feel no bitterness toward Mimi.

January 12th.

How quickly life can change! For more than a month I have felt safe, happy. And now . . .

Tonight, as a treat for the children, Grant and I had our dinner in the nursery suite. Fran, learning to assume housewifely duties, had ordered our dinner.

These days I include Grant in the little treats I plan for Dick and Fran. I used to arrange such treats when he would be busy and I would be free. But I think this the better way.

Our evening started off beautifully. Then Nana Norton arrived. She's an actress. Once she and Grant were practically engaged. In a way she's attractive. But I wonder about her.

She complained she had no show on Broadway because no one will put up money for a musical production right now.

"The Broadway money men must be insane, Nana," Grant protested. "Personally I'd consider a production in which you starred a fine investment."

Nana turned his polite remark into an out and out offer.

Tomorrow Grant is lunching with Nana and her manager, Higgins.

I mistrust Nana. I said so. And Grant resented what he called my "feminine snap judgment."

January 15th.

Ben Porter investigated Nana for me. A few years ago she caused a divorce in the Jonathan Cook family. And right now she is threatening a fine young man who is half infatuated with her with blackmail.

February 25th.

I know now how right I was in mistrusting Nana. Grant decided to back her new show. I didn't say anything. I only prayed he wouldn't get hurt—and hoped I wouldn't.

But she is a great star, and her show was a great success when it was put on a week ago. Grant thinks she is wonderful, and refuses to believe anything against her.

Last week-end a party of us went skiing up in New England. It was Nana's idea.

The last day we were there Grant and Nana got lost. She started down the wrong side of the mountain and, of course, he went after her. When darkness came they took shelter in a summer cabin.

"Fortunately," Grant told me later, "there was food in it!"

I didn't tell him that one of the local men who searched for them with me had told me the cabin in which we found them belonged to Benny Higgins, Nana's manager.

I did say I doubted that Nana really had sprained her ankle—that I thought that had been her ruse so he would carry her.

And never before has Grant been so angry with me. He left for the office without kissing me good-bye. But I think he was as angry as he was because he knew I told the truth.

That means it won't be long now before Grant and I will be good friends again . . . without unspoken differences between us.

The 25th—Later.

What an optimist I was when I made the entry above.

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BEWARE THE COMMON COLD

The common cold is one of the most universal of ailments and probably causes more misery and loss of time than any other disease. In Physical Culture for February Rasmus Alsaker, M.D. gives a program for health that will prevent colds and outlines instructions for quick relief of symptoms that everyone should know. In your own best interests get a copy of Physical Culture today and read his extremely valuable advice.

YOUR PERSONAL HEALTH PROBLEM!

Everybody has a health problem of one kind or another. Readers of Physical Culture are invited to write in regarding them. Each month a number of health questions are answered. In the February issue neuritis, boils, abdominal noises, backache and asthma are discussed. Maybe your problem is among them. If not write the "Questions from Health Seekers" department regarding it and watch for the answer in an early issue.

ALSO IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

War Rations—Destroyer of Unborn Children ● Congress Should Investigate the A.M.A. ● Physical Culture Girls on Tropic Shores ● The Body Beautiful ● "I'm Going to Walk Again!" by Connie Boswell ● Hockey—Fastest Game of All ● Sleep, Lady, Sleep, Keeping Fit With Helen Macfadden ● Protect Your Baby's Delicate Skin ● Stretch Out for Health ● Pacific Adventure ● Why Grow Old by George W. Calver, M.D. ● Wilderness Wife ● A Chapter from My Physical Culture Life ● Exercise Your Cares Away. Physical Culture Nutrition Department.

Read Physical Culture every month. It is a good habit that pays dividends in health.

Physical Culture

PRISCILLA LANE tells you how to take an ACTIVE-lather facial—

IT'S EASY TO WORK UP A RICH LATHER WITH **LUX SOAP**. PAT IT GENTLY INTO YOUR SKIN!

NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER THEN COOL. **ACTIVE LATHER** DOES A **THOROUGH** JOB

THEN PAT THE FACE TO DRY. YOUR SKIN FEELS **SMOOTHER**-SOFTER LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR!

WARNER BROS. STAR

COSMETIC SKIN—little blemishes and enlarged pores—spoils good looks. Don't risk it! Make sure you remove stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. Use all the cosmetics you like, but let Hollywood's ACTIVE-lather facials give your skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing. Buy three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today. Use it during the day—ALWAYS at bedtime. It's a care *your* skin needs to stay soft and lovely.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Grant and I are through, finally and completely. When he reached home this evening he had not regained his good temper. But that isn't what I can't forgive him. It's the fact that he turned on the children!

Dick and Fran were cutting out pictures of Grant and Nana and me. The newspapers featured a story about Grant, wealthy theatrical producer, and Nana, star of his musical production, being lost overnight in the snowy mountains of New England.

"Does the whole house have to be upset," Grant stormed, "just because you children take it into your heads to cut a lot of stupid pictures out of the paper?"

They gathered up their papers and scissors and scurried away like frightened little animals. But at the door Dick found his courage.

"You never did like us anyway," he told Grant. "Not really, not the way our own father would like us if he was there."

"You're an ungrateful little boy," Grant said.

And Fran, sobbing in the hall, kept calling "Dick . . . Dick, come on. . . . Don't say anything . . . Dick, please."

I thought, sitting there, listening to those I love quarreling, that my heart would break.

February 26th.

The children and I are living in a hotel. Once again I'm faced with the fact that I must earn a living. After last night it would be impossible for Grant and the children and me to live together. And once again I'm confronted by my photograph in the newspaper.

I don't blame Grant for making our separation public. It was Nana undoubtedly who set the press on our trail. For the more definitely she can estrange Grant and me the better it will suit her. It's Grant's money she wants. And the way she would be most certain of getting it—and keeping it—would be by marrying him.

Ben Porter brings me contrite messages from Grant. He asks that the children and I return or that I let him take care of us financially, at least. But in all instances my answer must be "no."

March 7th.

I'm in the theater. Fantastic and unbelievable, that's what life is!

Several days ago Christopher Harwood, the famous producer, called on me. He saw my picture in the paper and considered me the ideal type for the leading feminine role in "The Girl from Arizona", which he's about to produce.

He asked if I would read for him and his associates—so they might determine whether it would be possible to coach me for the part. I read for them and—as I thought and as they feared—I wasn't up to anything like a leading role. Finally, however, they signed me to play a maid.

Raymond Rogers, the leading man, is charming. He goes over my lines with me and shows me how to get the most out of them. He takes me to luncheon. And several times when newspaper reporters have besieged me for statements about my personal affairs he's been invaluable in helping me avoid their more embarrassing questions.

Today Grant was waiting at the stage door when Raymond Rogers and I started out for luncheon. So the three of us went along together.

Raymond had to rush back to the theater because Helen Hope, who is playing the feminine lead, was being difficult about many things. So Grant and I did have a little time alone. And I was glad. It was the first time I'd seen him since I moved away from his home.

"Brenda darling," he said, "I want you to know that Nana Norton isn't important to me. She never was personally. And now I've had enough of her professionally, too. As soon as this play closes I'm saying good-bye to her. For good."

He looked at me tenderly and meaningly. "She's cost me dearly," he added.

I believed him. I've never thought Nana was important to Grant personally or emotionally. But now I wonder. . . .

This afternoon Benny Higgins stopped in to watch our rehearsal. He was, he explained, leaving for Hollywood within a few hours—*to get things under way for a picture in which Grant is backing Nana.*

And the evening papers corroborated his story.

I'm hurt and confused. Never before has Grant told me an untruth.

Has Grant committed some new folly that will ruin the understanding he and Brenda are so frantically searching for? Can a young widow really be happy in a new marriage? Be sure to read the concluding instalment of "Second Husband," in the March issue of Radio Mirror.

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS By HORACE BROWN

THE KITCHENER-WATERLOO Y. M. C. A. CHORUS . . . tuned to CFRB, Toronto, or CKCR, Kitchener, any Sunday night at ten o'clock, you'll hear a half-hour of negro spirituals, popular songs, ballads, marches and hymns by forty fresh young voices.

Those kids *really* have something. I'd heard them myself on several occasions, and marveled at their musical proficiency and the sweet and earnest quality of their singing. But when I heard the story behind the Kitchener-Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Chorus I marveled even more. This 'teen-age group of 36 young gentlemen, and six very charming young ladies, *cannot read a note of music.* It sounded like a gag, but Don McLaren, their talented conductor, explained the why and wherefor. The chorus is never allowed to see a note or a word. In other words, the conductor is the boss; the chorus is the instrument upon which he plays. He thinks, acts, and all but sings for forty young persons (who can't read a note of music among them, remember), and the chorus never sings a number in public or on the air until it has been thoroughly learnt.

Now, that in itself is remarkable, but when I tell you that this is a sponsored program that isn't commercial, you will begin to feel some of my own bewilderment when I explored this unusual and, to say the least, refreshing setup.

J. M. Schneider is head of J. M. Schneider, Limited, and J. M. Schneider, Limited, is the biggest thing in the little town of Kitchener, Ontario. Schneider bacon and other products are justly famous; Mr. Schneider is very proud of them. So, when he sponsors the Kitchener-Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Chorus he insists that there be no sales talks on his program! It all came about because of Mr. Schneider's philanthropic interest in the work of the Y. M. C. A., an interest that has extended over the years.

IT all gave me a bit of a heart-warming glow. After all, radio is a business, very often a hard-boiled business, and to find a genuine case of "one for all and all for one," without thought of a material reward, leads to pleasant reflections that "human nature isn't so bad when you get down to bedrock."

Don McLaren, who was born at Maniwaki, Quebec, was employed by the Y. M. C. A. during the World War to direct entertainment and educational work amongst the garrison at Quebec City. He is a graduate of McGill University. In 1926, he was in charge of the boys' work at Quebec City Y. M. C. A., following which he took charge of the Kitchener "Y," where he has been for the last ten years.

All membership of the chorus is on a purely voluntary basis, with a waiting list, in case someone should have to drop out. The boys and girls work in and around Kitchener in factories and stores and with insurance companies.

The program has also been a matter for civic pride. On every broadcast some prominent resident of Kitchener gives a little talk on the history of Kitchener, its development, etc.

THESE are the members of the chorus: first tenors, Fred Handy, Bill Stumpf, Claude Chislitt, Jim Brown, Frank Cottingham; second tenors, Lloyd Current, Rex Carson, Max Zink, Stan Bock, Cam Williams, Ken Brand, Geo. Ruhlman, John Sheard, Jeff Hancock; first basses, Stewart Snyder, Harry Hihn, Vincent Dietrich, Jack Slumkoski, Ken Henrich, Harold Seifried, Art Seabrook; second basses, Ed. McAvoy, Walter Bentley, Ted Cudmore, Albert Gammon, Frank Dancey, Harold Current, Bob Brown, Ted Wright; girls, Edna Franks, Gert Franks, Evelyn Weis, Rita Weis, Phyllis Current; accompanist, Dorothy Schweitzer.

Try the Kitchener-Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Chorus on Sundays at 10 p.m. over CFRB, Toronto, and CKCR, Kitchener, for a half-hour of charm and vitality. At the very least, I can guarantee no commercials on this sponsored program.

MAMMOTH 1940 CONTEST NOW RUNNING

WE WILL PAY

$25,000.00 *in prizes*

FOR FORTY TRUE STORIES

Year after year Macfadden Publications, Inc., extends to men and women everywhere a wonderful opportunity to add handsome sums to their incomes by setting down in words true stories that have happened in their own lives or the lives of friends or acquaintances.

Already we have paid out well over $600,000 in prizes alone for true stories and in addition we have purchased many hundreds of other true stories at our liberal word rates. Of this vast sum, a large, a very large percentage has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication.

The chances are that you have lived or observed a story that we would publish gladly if you would write it and send it in. Do not feel that because you have never written that you cannot write. If these other men and women had felt that way they would be poorer by perhaps a half million dollars. Simply say to yourself—"Others have done it—I can do it—I *will* do it."

In writing your story tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings, and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis to each of the best ten true stories received will be awarded the munificent sum of $1,000 and to each of the next best thirty true stories will be awarded the handsome sum of $500. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Contest closes Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE *TITLE* AND THE *NUMBER* OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

Prize Schedule

10 Prizes of $1,000 each	$10,000
30 Prizes of $ 500 each	15,000
40 Prizes— Total	$25,000

Contest Rules—Continued

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON, OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. ***If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.*** We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

----------COUPON----------

RM-2

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C
P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name.....

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Town..... State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full.)

Our Gal Sunday's Romance

(*Continued from page* 15)

When they were children, Bill and Sunday had roamed the hills together, fishing in the tumbling mountain streams, sharing thoughts and experiences and confidences. But lately something had happened. They could not talk to each other any more except in stiff, difficult sentences, and each seemed afflicted with an intolerable shyness in the presence of the other.

"It isn't that I'm jealous, Sunday," Bill said, keeping his eyes on the floor. "I guess you—know how I feel about you. I don't need to tell you. If you'd have me I'd be the happiest man in the world. But if you should find somebody else you like better—and if you'd only *tell* me—why then I'd know where I stood, and I could wish you all the luck in the world—"

SUNDAY said affectionately, "Dear Bill. I wish—oh, I wish I loved you the way you want me to. Maybe I do, and don't know it yet."

"Then you're not in love with this Brinthrope fellow?" Bill asked.

"Oh, no!" she said too emphatically. "Why, I hardly know him!"

"Yeah?" Bill's voice was doubtful. "Well, he's been spending a good deal of time up here, and the other night I saw you out riding in his big car."

"He was just being nice to me," Sunday insisted stoutly. "And as soon as he gets his business affairs straightened up here, he'll go away and I'll probably never see him again."

Why should that prediction, made so defiantly, make her turn a little cold with the fear that it might be true? She *didn't* love him! She mustn't! How could there ever be any happiness for the two of them, with the shadow of Arthur Brinthrope—dead or alive—between them?

And besides—she heard again Arthur's own words, equally true of Henry: "I come from a very old family—it wouldn't be *right* for me to marry you, Sunday."

The door opened, and she looked up to see Jackey come into the room. From his face she knew at once that something was wrong.

"Excuse me, Bill," Jackey said, "but could I talk to Sunday a minute?"

"Sure," Bill assented, getting up. "I was just leaving. G'bye, Sunday. Remember what I—I mean, g'bye."

"Listen, gal," Jackey blurted as soon as they were alone. "We're in trouble. Plenty trouble. I just talked to a feller named Poole—a detective young Brinthrope's hired to track down his brother. And he's on to somethin'."

"How could he be? What did you tell him?"

"Didn't tell him nothin'. But he's a smart feller, and he knows Arthur didn't just melt into thin air. He's been talkin' to Lively, too. Found

IMPORTANT!

The winners of Radio Mirror's Hobby Lobby contest will be announced in the March issue

ON SALE JANUARY 26

that out when he asked me where I was the afternoon before Brinthrope disappeared. He meant the afternoon I shot—"

"Yes, yes!" Sunday exclaimed with a shudder. "I know."

"Well, I told him I was out in the hills prospectin' with Lively. Then he looks at me sort of funny, and says, 'Well now, that's strange, considerin' Lively told me an hour ago he was out prospectin' alone that afternoon!' "

"Oh, Jackey! If we'd only warned Lively! Now the detective knows you lied to him, and he'll be suspicious."

Jackey turned to the door. "This finishes it," he said. "Knew all along I ought to give myself up. Can't have a detective snoopin' around here, gettin' everybody in trouble. I'm goin' down and see the sheriff right now."

"No, Jackey, no!" Sunday cried. "I can't stand it if they take you to jail. It was all my fault anyway! I'll fix things up somehow, so nobody'll ever know. Lord Henry's coming up this afternoon and I'll speak to him—"

"Y'ain't goin' to tell him you knew what happened to Arthur all along?" Jackey asked suspiciously.

"No—I won't do that. Only, won't you go away and let me see him alone? And don't do anything until after he's gone!"

"Well, all right," Jackey agreed.

It was sunset, the hour of her meeting with Arthur, when Henry Brinthrope came to the cabin.

"Hello," he said cheerfully. "What's the matter, Sunday? You look worried."

"Lord Henry," she said seriously, "will you do me a favor?"

He looked down at the youthful gravity of her face, and said in amusement, "Of course, Sunday. What is it?"

"Will you tell your detective to go back to Denver and forget about finding your brother?"

IN the silence that followed she saw the look of amusement fade from his face, and as if to forestall the question he was bound to ask she began to talk rapidly.

"It isn't as if anything could have happened to him, Lord Henry. He must have just gone away somewhere —you'll hear from him again, I'm sure." (And for all she knew, she told herself fiercely, it was true. He *must* still be alive!) "And it doesn't do any good to have a detective prowling around Silver Creek—it makes people here think you suspect them of doing something to your brother, and—and they don't like it—"

"Just a minute, Sunday!" he broke in. "You know this is a very serious thing you're asking me to do. Aren't you going to give me any reason for it?"

Her eyes faltered. "I—can't."

"But you must," he said gently. "Sunday, darling, you can't do this to me. Don't you know how fond I've become of you—just in the few days we've known each other? And I hoped you were fond of me, too—fond enough to trust me."

"Oh, I am!" she said. "But—can't you trust me, too?"

"Yes," he said surprisingly. "I can. I'll call the detective off, if you say so, Sunday. But I wish you'd tell me why. Not because I don't trust you, but just because I want us—you and me—to be good friends. I . . . love you, Sunday."

She turned away from him, burying her face in her hands. "Oh, no, no," she sobbed. "You mustn't say that. We—we can't—"

"But why not, Sunday?" he persisted.

"Because—because I'm going to be married pretty soon—to Bill Jenkins!" Sunday said wildly.

LIVELY complained that everybody was acting pretty glum, when you considered it was Sunday's wedding day. He pointed out that Sunday was pale and jumpy, Jackey's face was so long it scraped on the ground, and even Bill didn't seem to know how lucky he was.

There might have been a good reason for Sunday's pallor—she'd fallen off her horse a few days before the wedding, and scratched her arm so badly that it had to be bandaged. But when Lively asked her if it wasn't hurting her more than she let on, she said it wasn't, in a tone that sent him away grumbling to himself even more.

All the same, Lively's concern was justified. The whole arm was numb, with a sort of dull, burning numbness, and Sunday knew that its condition was reason enough for postponing the wedding. But she didn't dare postpone it. Another day, she might not be able to stand quietly while the minister made her and Bill man and wife. Another day, the vision of Henry Brinthrope's face might send her flying into his arms.

All morning on her wedding day, she held fast to one thought—that in marriage to Bill there lay safety—trying to fill her mind with it so completely that there would be room for nothing else. And she succeeded, until the moment when she entered the little church in Silver Creek, and saw Bill waiting for her at the altar. She tried to smile at him, then, though her lips felt stiff. Then her eyes slipped past Bill, and found Henry, standing alone in one of the pews, looking at her so intently that she knew he wasn't aware of anyone else in the room. She took another step forward, but her legs wouldn't work very well, and her arm felt as if it were burning up, and suddenly she didn't know anything else at all.

A week later Sunday was still in her room at the little Silver Creek hospital, recovering from the attack of blood-poisoning, due to her injured arm, which had interrupted the wedding. It had been good to have this respite, she knew now—good both for herself and Bill. She'd been able to think things out, quietly and alone, and in the process she'd realized that it wouldn't be fair for her to marry Bill, no matter how much he wanted her.

When she was better, she'd tell Bill she couldn't marry him, and if Henry hadn't left Silver Creek by then, she'd get Jackey and Lively to let her go away to college, so she could start life all over again. But meanwhile, it was pleasant to lie here in this bright, sunny room, with its flowers and books, and be fussed over, and see Jackey and Lively and Bill and Henry every day.

She looked up eagerly as she heard the voice of the nurse out in the hall. "Just a minute, please. I'll see if she's awake."

The nurse entered and said, "There is a woman to see you. She says her name is Miss Morehead."

"Miss Morehead?" Sunday puzzled.

Romance

..STARTS WITH

Gleaming Lustrous Hair

RINSE those beautiful highlights into your hair with Nestle Colorinse. Notice how it makes dull, drab-looking hair radiant and lustrous. Not a bleach. Colorinse is so simple to use. Washes away soap shampoo film . . . leaves your hair soft and manageable . . . keeps curl in longer. Choose your own color from the Nestle Color Chart at toilet goods counters. Comes in 12 shades . . . you will find one to give your hair a flattering sparkle.

10¢ for package of 2 rinses at 10¢ stores

25¢ for five rinses at drug and department stores.

CRYING WON'T HELP YOU

IF YOU'RE SKINNY, RUNDOWN, NERVOUS

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS., NEW STRENGTH THIS SCIENTIFIC WAY

Posed by professional model

YOU may think your case is hopeless—that you're just naturally skinny, rundown—often tired and nervous. But as a result of recent scientific discoveries thousands of men and women who never could seem to gain before have put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh. They've gained normal health, normal nerves, new pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring—by simply taking these scientifically prepared Ironized Yeast tablets for a few short weeks.

Why this builds up so quick

You see, it's now been scientifically proved that thousands of people are thin, wornout and cranky—hardly able to eat, sleep or work—simply because they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So by simply using their aid, great numbers of formerly rundown men and women have easily put on just the pounds they needed—gained new pep and greater attractiveness—won new friends and new joy in life.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you long for, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't take one of the many cheap inferior substitutes which do not give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on tablet. That assures the genuine.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 222, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See local paper for exact time and station.

"I don't know any Miss Morehead—"

But Miss Morehead herself had already followed the nurse into the room. Sunday saw a large, flashily-dressed woman, with curly blonde hair under a big hat, and a face that was at once guarded and bitter.

"I'm Violet Morehead," the visitor announced. "I'd like to see you alone, if you don't mind." She seated herself and drew out a cigarette case while the nurse, disapprovingly, left the room; then she blew a cloud of smoke at Sunday and came to the point.

I CAME here," she said, "to find out if it's worth anything to you to have me keep quiet about who killed Arthur Brinthrope."

"Who—killed—" Sunday's lips could barely form the words. "But I don't know what you're talking about."

"Quit the kidding," Violet Morehead advised her bruskly. "I know your old man—your guardian, or whatever you call him—shot Arthur. And I know you'd hate to see the old boy get into trouble over it. I'm willing to keep quiet—for ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars! Why—I haven't got it. And besides—"

"Besides nothing. You can get it, or I'll go straight to Henry Brinthrope and tell him what really happened to that brother he's been trying to find. *He* might think the information was worth the ten thousand."

"But where could I get that much money?" Sunday cried in despair.

Violet Morehead's hard eyes narrowed. "If you're smart," she remarked, "you can get it from Henry." She stood up, dropped her cigarette on the linoleum-covered floor and ground it out beneath a pointed toe. "Well, there it is. I'll be back at the same time day after tomorrow, and you'd better have the money."

When she had gone, Sunday lay with helpless tears running down her cheeks. She'd done the best she could—she'd put away all thoughts of loving Henry, she'd persuaded him to dismiss the detective—and now, in spite of everything, the truth was to be told at last! Of course she couldn't get the money. Jackey and Lively didn't have it, and she wouldn't ask Henry. Not even to save Jackey.

She had two days' grace before the Morehead woman was due to call again, and she used them in trying to find a way out of the dilemma she was in, trying to find some way other than the one her heart told her she must eventually take. Because there was no other way, this time. At last she must tell Lord Henry the whole story and appeal to him for whatever help he could give her.

She told him on the morning of the day Miss Morehead had said she'd return—told him everything, her infatuation for Arthur, Jackey's warning, Arthur's proposal and its tragic consequences. He listened with a grave face, holding tightly to her hand, and when she had finished he said:

"Sunday! You poor, darling baby—carrying this secret all by yourself! Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I couldn't! He was your brother, Henry! I was afraid you'd hate us—Jackey and me—and that you'd have Jackey arrested!"

There was a new tenderness in his smile. "Of course you'd think that—because I never told you my own opinion of Arthur. I daresay it's just as low as Jackey's. Arthur's the black sheep of the family, dear, and while I don't say I'd approve of having him shot, his absence isn't a loss to anyone that I know of. I'm glad to know he's still alive, though."

Sunday's eyes widened. "But, Henry—Miss Morehead said Jackey had killed him!"

"Nonsense," Henry said briskly. "I don't suppose she bothered to tell you *how* she knew that? I can't fill in all the details, of course, but I'd be willing to bet that Arthur picked himself up, sneaked away to Denver or San Francisco, met this Morehead woman and cooked up a scheme to get some money out of me through you. Morehead isn't a Silver Creek woman, is she?"

"No," Sunday said. "I know everyone in Silver Creek and I've never seen her before."

THEN that just about proves that Arthur's alive and living somewhere else. If she wasn't in Silver Creek when Jackey shot Arthur, how would she know that it had ever happened—unless Arthur has seen her since, and told her?"

"Of course!" Sunday breathed. "I should have thought of that—only I was so scared—and confused—"

He leaned over her. "You've had more than your share of trouble, darling. . . ."

Then, quite simply and naturally, he kissed her, and her unbandaged arm was around his neck, holding him close, so close it seemed that she would never let him go again.

Some time after, he said, "Now you'll marry me, won't you, Sunday?"

"Yes! Oh, yes, if—if you want me to."

"I'd like the wedding to be in England, I think—wouldn't you? How would Jackey and Lively like a trip to England? Could we transplant them for a while?"

"They'd love it, Henry."

"Then you lie here and plan your trousseau," Henry said. "And I'll go outside," he added grimly, "and see your Miss Morehead before she comes in here. I think I can send her on her way in a very short time."

Again it was Sunday's wedding day, but this time Lively had no need to complain about the general disposition. Even the sky was bright and shining.

Sunday, giving herself a last survey in her bridal gown, whirled and threw her arms around Mrs. Sedgewick, Lord Henry's aunt.

"Have you ever been so happy you felt as if you might burst? Just fly apart into a million pieces?" she demanded. "That's how I feel now. I hope—" she sobered a little—"I hope I don't get so excited I forget what I'm supposed to say during the ceremony."

"I'm sure you won't," Mrs. Sedgewick assured her, with a little hug.

"You know," confided Sunday, "there was just one thing I worried about. Bill. You know, the boy I almost married back in Silver Creek. I know we wouldn't have been happy together, and it was best for me to break the engagement—but I was afraid he might still be in love with me. And this morning I got a cable, announcing his marriage to someone else! It made everything perfect!"

Everything remained perfect, throughout the ceremony and the wedding breakfast which followed it. Sitting at the head of the table, Sunday squeezed Henry's hand, and felt him squeeze hers back, in their silent language of adoration.

Lady Brinthrope! They were calling her that! A footman was at her elbow, whispering the name into her ear at that very moment.

"Lady Brinthrope—there is a young person in the library who insists upon seeing you at once. I told her you were occupied, but she seemed very agitated, and said she'd only keep you for a moment."

"Why—" She looked down the table. Breakfast was over, and everyone seemed busy and happy enough. Henry, at her right, was talking to his aunt. "All right," she said.

In the shadowy library a young woman faced her.

"I am Diane Bradford, Lady Brinthrope," she said in a voice that showed she was near hysteria. Her face was a dead-white mask above her black dress. "I tried to get here sooner, before your wedding."

"Before my wedding!" The words struck terror to Sunday's heart. "What do you mean?"

The woman stepped aside. In the leather chair behind her, Sunday saw a basket—a tiny basket of straw, lined with satin. Small pink hands waved wildly in the air; bright blue eyes regarded her with owlish interest.

"I couldn't let you marry him without knowing," Diane Bradford said in a voice that steadily grew louder and more hysterical. "This is Henry Brinthrope's child!"

Sunday heard herself say, stupidly, "You must be insane! Lord Henry is my husband."

The woman snapped open her bag, fished in it a moment and then produced a slip of paper which she held out in a shaking hand. "He admits it! Read this—the letter he wrote back when I begged him to marry me!"

Silently, Sunday obeyed. It was a sheet of the Brinthrope Manor notepaper. On it, in Henry's handwriting, were a few lines:

"I shall not try to evade my responsibility. I shall provide for the child. Nothing more. Henry Brinthrope."

How will Sunday receive the dreadful accusation Diane has made against Lord Henry? Has she found happiness only to lose it again? Read the next chapters of this exciting novel, based on the CBS air serial, in next month's RADIO MIRROR. *And remember to tune in every Monday through Friday at 12:45 E.S.T.*

CAST

On the air, the cast of Our Gal Sunday is as follows:

SUNDAY	Dorothy Lowell
LORD HENRY	Karl Swenson
BILL	Carlton Young
JACKEY	Jay Jostyn
LIVELY	Joseph Latham

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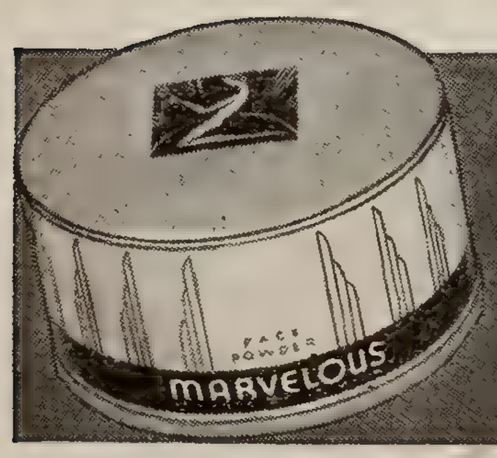

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

How to Sing for Money

(*Continued from page* 25)

from a competent teacher can be of great help to you. By competent I mean a teacher who understands the requirements of singing popular music, who sees what you want to do, and *who sympathizes with your purpose.*

By all means, stay away from the old-fashioned teacher who is steeped in the Italian tradition, who focuses on building up your volume, distorts your vowels, rubs his hands with satisfaction as you scream operatic arias, and swoons with ecstasy when your vibrato rattles the windows five blocks away. Stay away also from the charlatan, the musical racketeer, for he will ruin your voice along with your pocketbook. Recognize him by his over-emphasis on commercialism, by his glib sales talk, his too-attractive advertisements, and his impossible guarantees of what he can do for your voice and career.

So, choose your teacher carefully; don't hesitate to discard him if he turns out to be the wrong man, but once you have confidence in him, trust him and stay with him in preference to chasing will-o'-the-wisps, for a consistent following of one method is essential. But don't be strung along. Don't commit yourself for more than a few lessons at the start: anywhere from six weeks to six months should give you the basis you need to come up to our simple standards. On the other hand, don't go to the other extreme and try to cram everything into too short a time.

YOUR SONGS

THE next important thing for you to do is to determine to what one Singertype you belong; that is, what type of song your vocal equipment and personality enable you to handle best. Of course, we're taking it for granted that you want to sing "popular" songs; but you may not know that there are no less than six different kinds of popular song, and that most singers can successfully deliver no more than three of these.

Just what is a popular song? The classical singer who dismisses everything not essentially operatic with the dated snort, "Jazz," is guilty of loose thinking, and unless he has already found his place in the sun, he's foregoing an opportunity to capitalize on his voice and training. Equally far from the truth, however, is the conviction of the rabid swing fan that popular music begins with Shoot the Likker to Me, John Boy, and ends with Hold Tight.

"Popular songs" are those commercially published in the style of the hits of the day, written with the intention of being played and exploited by the dance bands of the country and capable of being sung in tempo while dancing is going on.

In other words, songs with "foot-appeal," which boys and girls can sing to each other as they dance.

Popular songs, in turn, can be broken down into six subdivisions.

Operetta songs, at the top of the heap, are akin to "standard" and near-classical numbers, mostly of the light opera or operetta variety, such as I'll See You Again, L'Amour, Toujours L'Amour, Deep in My Heart.

One step down are the Torch Songs, songs of strong passion, unrequited love and the like, which are suited to a heavily emotional treatment: such as Body and Soul, Night and Day, Stormy Weather, and Moanin' Low. Both song types demand a good voice.

But the Ballad is the average popular song, the type most in demand and most often performed. Being the easiest to sing, it's the hardest to sing distinctively. The Ballad group includes songs of light romance (I'm in the Mood for Love), sentimental regret (The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else), philosophy (Save Your Sorrow Till Tomorrow), eulogy (You're a Sweetheart, and the Mother songs), nostalgia (the homesick idea), and so on almost without end. Waltzes and tangos are usually delivered in the manner of this group. Most ballads ask very little more of a voice than that it be pleasing, but the need for singing them with distinction calls for delivery-technique.

RHYTHM songs, generally bright and jingly, are meant to be sung in strict dance tempo. Examples are Goody Goody and I Must See Annie Tonight. Many musical comedy tunes are of this class, such as You're the Top and F. D. R. Jones; also the rhumba songs, and those describing certain dances, such as The Lambeth Walk.

Swing ("Hot") songs are "of the mode" of the day to the point of slavishness but the mode changes rapidly. What once was ragtime, blues, jazz and stomp is now swing, and will be something else soon. Flat Foot Floogee, A-Tisket A-Tasket and that unmourned epic The Music Goes Round and Round are examples.

Swing (or any "hot" treatment) is characterized by the use of the written melody primarily as a point of departure for spontaneous melodic and rhythmic variations, and while swing songs are often done by singers of excellent singing ability, they are even more effective in the hysterical manner, which requires only voice enough to shout, husk, whine, rasp, or what have you. Therefore, the *requirement* of voice quality is very low, but a highly specialized delivery-technique, plus natural flair, is vital.

Comedy songs are seldom published nowadays; they're usually written to order for a specific comedian, and designated in the trade as "special material." Still, an occasional comedy song reaches the public, such as the old Yes, We Have No Bananas and Joe Penner's I'm From the City. In this type the humor of the lyric or the delivery is everything. The song is more often "spoken" than sung, and the voice requirement is zero. However, the very peak of personalized delivery-technique must be used and the song done by one who is naturally funny.

Of course, our song classification is flexible. Tea for Two, for instance, can be rendered as a ballad, a rhythm number, or a swing song, and a singer like Connie Boswell can do it all three ways. But, while you are learning, leave this versatility to Connie.

Bing Crosby can do a professional job on all six Songtypes. He's an exception. The average girl singer will do well to master Torch, Ballad and Rhythm. The average male singer stops with Rhythm and Bal-

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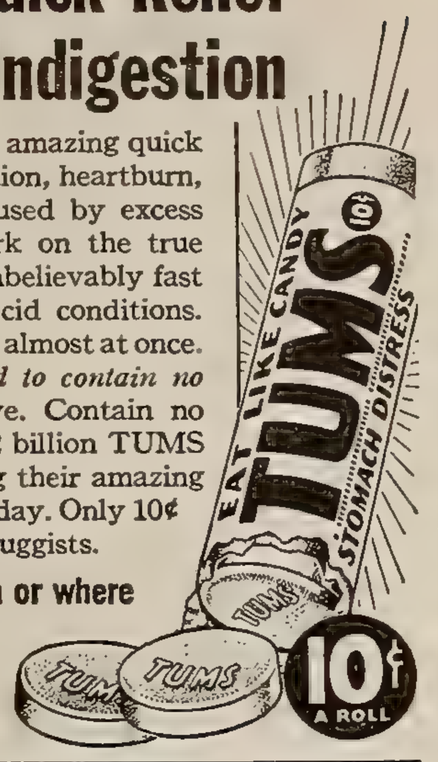

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* Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: TRUE ROMANCES, TRUE EXPERIENCES, TRUE LOVE & ROMANCE, MOVIE MIRROR and RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR. These five publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

lads. Most swing singers, unless of the coon-shoutin' variety, can learn to sing Rhythm songs and Ballads.

Which Songtype or Songtypes are the ones you should sing? Well, that is something you must determine by trial, error, and plenty of thinking and self-analysis. You must learn what *one* Singertype you *naturally* belong to; that is, what type of song your vocal equipment and personality enables you to handle best. Then concentrate on it for a while, until you feel perfectly at home. Only then should you begin to work into the Singertypes just above and below it.

GETTING YOUR START

It seems to be a custom of the day for actors to write magazine articles warning the beginner to stay away from show business. I don't agree. If it's so unattractive, why are these pro-tem authors in it themselves? I have only two cautions. Don't try to break into show business for its glamour (because there isn't much of any from the inside looking out) and don't enter it expecting a free ride to fame and fortune. It is, however, a very interesting way of making a living. If it has its drawbacks, so has any other business. The only completely satisfactory occupation is that of retired capitalist, and that's an even harder field to break into.

Well, about getting a start—bridging that broad gulf between amateur and professional status, the jump from doing it for fun to doing it for money.

It's a pet belief of mine that a lot of able singers fail to break into the professional field because they shoot too high for their start. You can't walk out of the house and crack a radio commercial, swank nitery, name band, musical comedy—or even pictures, no matter what you may gather from those criminally misleading Cinderella stories. Two reasons. First, no matter how good your friends consider you, you're terribly raw material until you've had commercial seasoning. Second, the competition is too tough these days. There are scores of able professionals after each one of these plums, and to beat them out, you must be better than any one of them. It just doesn't stand to reason that you are—yet. After all, it's a long life, so why not spot Fate a year or two and acquire a professional polish in some lesser job, which you are much more likely to get?

The Small Radio Station:

There are hundreds of small radio stations in the big cities as well as the small ones. Most of them fill in their non-commercial time with phonograph records, and a live talent program might interest them, especially if you have a local following to point to. You'll probably get no money for it, Frances Langford didn't—but you'll be well paid in experience, plus the fact that you're building up a professional record, and going on the air where someone who needs a singer like you may hear you.

As to how to go about it, I recommend Kenny Baker's way, which was to take his music in one hand, his nerve in the other, and march down to the station, telling the man what he wanted to do, why he should like the idea, and asking for an audition.

MOTHER! IT'S "CRIMINAL" TO SUFFER IN SILENCE!

RELIEF IS YOUR RIGHT AND YOUR DUTY!

If any trouble is needful of attention, it is simple Piles!

Simple Piles cannot only plague and torture you, but they can tax your health. Yes, they can drain strength and vitality and make you feel and look like an old woman.

Both men and women suffer from simple Piles. But, women, during pregnancy and after childbirth, are particularly subject to this trouble.

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Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

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First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

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Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request. Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

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Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

If you get a turn-down, try the next station on your list, and make enough of a nuisance of yourself in a nice way until somebody gives you the break you're after.

At each audition, say, and mean it, "I want you to tell me frankly and honestly just what you think of my singing." One or two adverse opinions may be wrong, but if they all stumble about in search of a tactful way to say you're awful, you probably are. Even if they say you're "fair" that isn't enough, because to get anywhere in this business you've got to be more or less outstanding.

The Small Night Club:

You may find an opening in a small night club, or more likely in one of the roadhouses that dot the highways around even the smallest cities. An introduction to the manager will help you here, but if that can't be arranged, just drop in (possibly as a guest), and ask for an audition, having your music out in the car so that you can try out on the stand immediately if things work out that way. If you can point out delicately that your presence will bring new business, it won't do you any harm.

The Local Dance Band:

Try the small-city dance band, or the non-name band in the metropolitan centers; you'll probably work free if the unions allow, but the experience will be worth your time. Meet the leader at a dance or in his off time and put up your story, asking him to let you sing for him at a rehearsal.

And keep an eye out for talent hunts, beauty contests, amateur hours, opportunity nights, and the like. The occasional crooked one is usually spotted by an entry fee, a tuition charge, or some more cleverly designed device to get your money. Many, however, are on the level and can really lead to something. Ginger Rogers got started by way of a Charleston contest.

Of course, if you should happen to be a channel swimmer, or a child bride, or a tennis champion, or the gal who just shot her husband, you need no help from me. The boys will come to you, carrying their checkbooks before them.

Well, suppose we take a deep breath and draw a conclusion or two? What do you need to get a start?

First, and all important, you need to know your trade well enough to be at least adequate in the engagement you're after. It's obvious? It should be, but if you could see the people who waste their carfare to come to auditions for work which is hopelessly beyond them, you'd agree that it isn't. I've mentioned this before, I'll mention it again, and I'll probably end up with it, because it's the most vital piece of advice I can give you. Know your trade.

Next, you need crust—or someone with crust to get in there and pitch for you. This is a highly competitive business, a necessarily callous one, and one in which the brushoff has been developed to a fine art.

Right along with crust goes persistence, the will to keep trying and trying in the face of discouragement.

Luck does enter, though not to the extent you might think. For one thing, a lucky break will do you no good if you haven't what it takes to hold down the job it brings you. For another, the lightning of luck can't strike you if you're hiding in a subway; by which I mean that you can do a lot toward helping the breaks to happen. Every apparent break has something more substantial behind it. True, Vallee was lucky that the radio came along just as he was getting his real start, but he had the foresight to see the power of this new medium while others were still calling it a toy, and the courage to hitch his wagon to an untried star. The only topflight singer who got her start by pure, unreasoning luck, so far as I know, is Martha Raye. She was born into show business and began to sing commercially at the age of two.

As you may have noticed, I've been discussing this whole subject more or less from the angle of the dweller in the town or small city. The same sort of thing applies all the way along the line, because even New York (as far as starting in a small way is concerned), is really just a collection of neighborhoods, with the same small radio stations, the same small night spots, and the same local dance bands. If anything, it's a bit easier to get a start in the small place than in New York (certainly easier than in Los Angeles, which the over-supply of talent makes a special case). New York, Chicago, and the other metropolitan centers have more openings for singers, I admit, but the small city has less competition.

I hope, by the way, this answers that perennial question of the kids from Keokuk, "Shouldn't I leave home?" Stay where you are. If anything, the New Yorker might have a better chance of getting his foot on the ladder if he bought a one-way ticket to *your* little home town. I'm not just trying to soothe your heartburnings; I mean it sincerely, and I know from experience what I'm talking about. Make your start where you're known.

BUT make yourself known. Don't keep your singing a secret. Get around. Grasp every opportunity to sing in public, and create the opportunities if you have to. Learn from these appearances all you can about pleasing audiences; drain your surroundings dry of all the information on your trade they can give you; and create a local following in the process, until everybody in town says, "Jane Jordan?—she's the girl who sings!"

To conclude. Once you get your start, your first job, remember it's only a start and nothing more. Now is the time to really go to work; to nail down your technique, polish off your rough edges, develop the beginnings of your style, and generally achieve the professional touch. I'll tell you, and a few years from now you'll agree with me, that you're a lot greener than you think. But six months, a year, or two years of exhausting but priceless experience in the fire of commercial practice, and you'll either be back earning an honest living, or ready for the next step.

Next month, let this famous vocal coach tell you the six spotlights of popular singing—the six things you must know to be a success—how to prepare a song and bring it to life so everyone listening bursts into spontaneous applause. You can't afford to miss succeeding chapters of this, the first practical, authoritative book on singing popular music.

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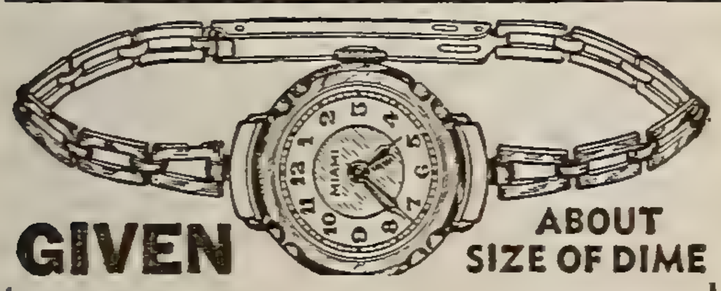

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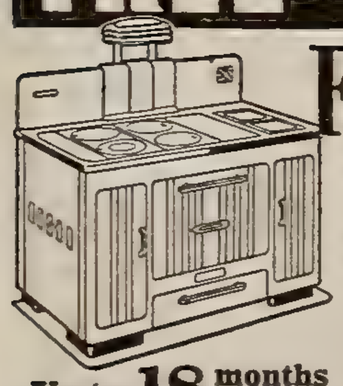

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Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page 29*)

sense solution. What makes this an item, is that members of the cast believe in doing as they tell the listeners to do. Of the show's cast four are happily married to each other, and have been for years. They are Gale Gordon and Virginia Gordon and the Lee Millars.

* * *

It looks like wedding bells for Maxine Gray, grand singer of songs, and Tommy Lee, radio magnate.

* * *

Orson Welles paid $150.00 just to arrange a late showing of a movie, which he couldn't get to until after midnight.

* * *

THIS COULD HAPPEN ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD: Horace Willard, porter in the CBS building, was dusting off a cigarette machine in the corridor last week, when Glenhall Taylor, producer of the Silver Theater paused for a pack. "I wish you'd give me a chance, Mr. Taylor." So, Sunday, November 5, found Horace Willard playing two roles, one comedy and one straight dramatic, in "The Road Goes Further," which starred John Garfield. The next day he was back at his porter's job.

* * *

Loretta Young leads the parade to date of film stars to appear as radio guests this year.

* * *

Ann Todd, seven-year-old actress who plays the role of "Amy" in "Those We Love," is a second cousin to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD MAIL BOX: A note from Walter Winchell: "I think Ed. C. Hill's programs are fine!" And so do we, Walter.

* * *

ANENT THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES: These are the poorest radio adaptations conceivable . . . just synthetic stories barely based on the Sherlock Holmes tales.

* * *

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO: When Marlene Dietrich appears in a radio playlet with her own grown-up daughter playing opposite her!

* * *

Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, screen and radio valet to Jack Benny, ought to incorporate himself. He owns five race horses, one prize fighter, one-quarter interest in a bootblack stand, two-thirds interest in a butcher shop, and one-half of a sea-going yacht!

* * *

Frances Langford and Jon Hall are thinking of adopting a baby.

* * *

PREACHER MATERIAL: Mrs. Ethel Gumm, Judy Garland's ma, has set the wedding date of her marriage to William Gilmore.

* * *

NIGHTSPOTTING: Madeleine Carroll and her newest heartbeat, Richard Halliday, dining tête-à-tête at Café la Maze. The Jimmie Fidlers, Bob Hopes and yours truly tossing off some spaghetti at Villa Nova.

* * *

When your reporter announced that Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul would tie the knot, there were howls galore, but I still insist it's an "on-the-level" romance.

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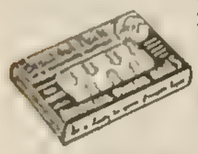

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Pat O'Malley is scoring a solid hit on the Alec Templeton shows. His Hollywood friends are pulling for him to be the next radio comic sensation!

* * *

Hollywood hasn't had high praise for CBS' new "Pursuit of Happiness" programs. Too stilted!

* * *

The "Drums Along the Mohawk" broadcast over Kate Smith's program was much better than the picture!

* * *

Mayor La Guardia is trying to get Hollywood to move to New York for pictures. La Guardia can't even hold the radio shows in New York. Every day they move more and more to Hollywood for origination!

* * *

When Joe Donahue, "Blondie" producer, and Mary Eastman tied the knot, it was a surprise even to them. Couple were sitting in a Hollywood nightspot, imbibing and eating heartily, when the bandleader noticed them and played a romantic ditty in their honor. Joe and Mary took it seriously, called for a telephone, hired aviator Paul Mantz to fly them at once to Yuma. They haven't regretted it . . . yet.

* * *

Don Ameche departs from the Edgar Bergen show for good January 7, when it cuts its time to thirty minutes.

* * *

Whenever Clark Gable goes on the air he always asks for Paula Winslow to play opposite him. He even insists on her part being built up and that she gets billing.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 35)

gan's band, playing in Detroit.

When he made this decision in 1927 he knew he could expect little help from home. His folks had counted on Bob carrying on the tradition. Music was all right as a hobby. But if he insisted upon it as a profession, he would have to tackle it alone.

It took Bob twelve years to finally attain recognition—years crowded with obstacles and mistakes.

Perhaps if Bob hadn't hung around the neighboring late hot spots his life might have been a lot different.

There he discovered such visiting musical greats as the late Bix Beiderbecke, Louis Armstrong, the Dorsey brothers and Gene Krupa.

THEN one night Ray Ludwig and Don Murray suggested that they finish the evening with a jam session right in the goggle-eyed collegian's dormitory. Bix, Gene Krupa, and the Dorseys agreed. The surreptitious musicale awakened the whole school and the dazed Chester had to alibi masterfully to an irate dean.

And when Bob introduced Tommy Dorsey to Mildred Kraft, in the Greystone Ballroom a few nights later, he gained two friends for life. The Detroit girl soon became Mrs. Tommy Dorsey. Grateful for this favor, the bespectacled trombonist imparted to Chester a wealth of musical knowledge that Bob never learned at the University.

After working with Morgan in a Detroit theater, Bob hopped from one band to another—Paul Specht, Arnold Johnson, Ben Bernie, Irving Aaronson, Ben Pollack—until in 1935 he decided to organize his own.

Astute managers found it easy to get the handsome society scion engagements. The band played Detroit, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Kansas City and Dayton. The life was easy—too easy. Bob became smugly satisfied. He lost the perspective sharpened in early life by the teachings of the musicians he met back at school.

This was the way Tommy Dorsey found him early in 1939. His friend soon found out what was wrong.

"Say, this band doesn't sound like the one I thought you would lead," said Dorsey frankly.

"What's wrong with it, Tommy? We work. We break records around here," countered Chester.

"Okay, Bob, if that's the way you want it," argued Tommy. "But you'll never reach the top. Chuck this band and start fresh in New York."

Dorsey soon won him over and Bob disbanded his aggregation and headed for the big time.

New York attracted him. The women were beautiful—too beautiful. The night clubs were numerous—too numerous. By the time Chester had exhausted his nocturnal tours, he had built up a reputation for gay living. Furthermore, other young musicians, eager to start bands of their own, had beaten him to the punch.

Tommy Dorsey kept after him and finally directed Bob to the door of Arthur Michaud, a veteran band manager. Michaud had from time to time handled the professional destinies of the Dorseys, Benny Goodman, Red Nichols, and Buddy Rogers. He listened carefully to Chester's ambitious, though belated plans. Then he lit a cigarette and spoke:

"Bob, the field is crowded with new bands. I don't need any more. Besides I have to get the feel of a band before I handle it."

"Come to a rehearsal," Chester suggested.

"I don't need to do that. Tommy has told me plenty and he is seldom wrong. He thinks that once you get started you'll really click. But let's be perfectly frank—" Michaud twisted his swivel chair around, and continued, "I have no confidence in you."

Chester just tightened his lips and went out the door.

The manager's reluctance to team up with him nettled Bob. It also woke him up. New York was not as easy to conquer as native Detroit. He kept rehearsing the new band although no engagements were in sight.

Instead of raiding other bands, Bob tried a new experiment. He dug up promising newcomers. One of these is pianist Buddy Brennan who soon revealed a savage boogie-woogie style. He picked up 18-year-old Alec Fila, a trumpet player in a Passaic, N. J., night club. Men like Garner Clark, another horn tooter, bass player Ray Leatherwood, and saxophonist Manny Gershman, had not seen active service in New York.

The news that Bob Chester's new band really had "something" flickered across the grapevine that clutters Tin Pan Alley. Chester became conspicuous by his absence from late-evening

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True Story

haunts. He moved to an inexpensive Broadway hotel. On week-ends he trekked to Tommy Dorsey's Jersey estate. Here he and Tommy took the band apart and put it together again.

The grapevine reports finally reached Michaud. This time the manager responded. By July he was handling Chester. Things began to happen. A guest appearance at the Hotel New Yorker resulted in a swing of the entire Hitz hotel circuit (which has just concluded). Leonard Joy, Victor record executive, signed him to make a dozen waxings for Bluebird. One of these turned out to be RADIO MIRROR's own "Shoot the Sherbert to Me Herbert."

In October he secretly wed Edna Torrence, a blonde ballroom dancer.

Once again he defied convention and upset the plans his parents had made for him. Only this time Bob is certain he won't find too great opposition. It's one booking he's got set for life.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

Baby, What Else Can I Do?; So Many Times (Victor 26386) Tommy Dorsey. Clean-cut sweetness as Dorsey introduces his new female warbler, Anita Boyer.

Bless You; Speaking of Heaven (Bluebird 10455) Glenn Miller. Miller proves his deserved success is no fly-by-night. Each record produces original qualities.

Scatterbrain; At Least You Could Say Hello (Decca 2767) Guy Lombardo. A waxed pancake sprayed with Lombardo syrup. Frankie Masters, an up-and-coming bandleader, penned "Scatterbrain" which has become a hit.

I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Give It Back to the Indians (Columbia 35236) Mary Jane Walsh. Intelligent caroling of two Rodgers and Hart classics from "Too Many Girls" by one of the cast. Mary Jane should attract some sponsor who wants a sophisticated songstress.

Who Told You I Cared; Just Got a Letter (Victor 26391) Sammy Kaye. Conventional capers cut by the swing and sway star. Sammy himself is featured on the correspondence.

* * *

Some Like It Swing

Chico's Love Song; Jumpin' Jive (Decca 2756) Andrews Sisters. Exciting harmony, running the gamut of Broadway jargon, including a bit of Yiddish, double-talk, and dipsy-doodles. A must for everyone.

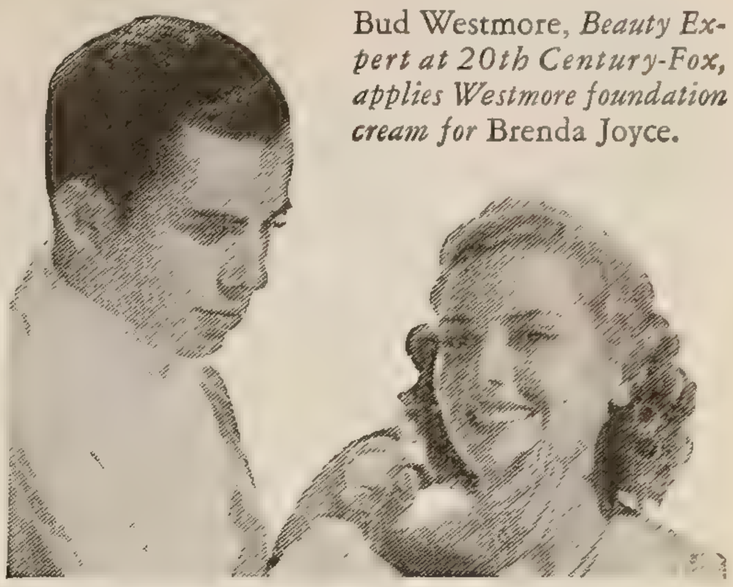
I Surrender Dear; Lady Be Good (Bluebird) Artie Shaw. Excellent revival of two old favorites.

Twee-Twee-Tweet; For the Last Time (Vocalion 5126) Cab Calloway. The hi-de-ho harbinger of hot-stuff continues to represent Harlem on the platters and we can't think of anyone who could do it better.

What Used To Was; Lilacs in the Rain (Decca 2763) Bob Crosby. One of those half-and-half platters, with Dixieland doings on one side and mellow moods on the other.

I'll Remember; Tap Dance (Bluebird 10433) Cliff Nazarro. This record is not swing or sweet but a classic exhibition of double-talk by Jack Benny's mixed-up monologist, Cliff Nazarro.

Willow Weep For Me; My Buddy (Columbia 35242) Harry James. A haunting trumpet played by one of the James boys (not Jesse) easily saves this one from the average rating.



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HILLTOP HOUSE

UP TO DATE

FOR you who have read RADIO MIRROR'S fictionized version of Hilltop House, here are the further events leading up to the action now being broadcasted over CBS.

After the court battle over the possession of little Tim, which ended with the boy's father, Steve Cortland, voluntarily giving Tim to Bess Johnson, Steve and Bess entered upon a new and friendly relationship. Steve had seen how selfish he had been, and now was willing to be Bess' friend, without thought of trying to renew their old love. Dr. Robbie Clark, meanwhile, showed signs of falling in love with Bess' sister, Linda, who was in Glendale on a short vacation.

Bess, feeling in need of a rest, accepted Steve's invitation to fly with him in his own plane to Canada. On the way they were forced down by bad weather, and were rescued in the North Woods by John Barry, an anthropologist and an old friend of Steve's. Bess, meeting Barry for the first time, found a strong bond of sympathy growing between them.

In Glendale, the friendship between John and Bess ripened into real love, and for the first time Bess found a man with whom she was willing to share her life, which had hitherto been given over entirely to Hilltop House and its orphans. When John asked her to marry him, she accepted. Gwen Barry, John's sister-in-law, learned of his whereabouts, however, and soon appeared in Glendale to make trouble between him and Bess by spreading the story that John was the father of her eight-year-old son, Roy.

John then revealed to Bess the whole tragic story of Gwen's background. She had been the wife of his brother, Roy, who died several years before John came to Glendale. All through her marriage with Roy, she had had designs on John, and had systematically tried to poison Roy's mind against his brother. In fact, Roy died believing that little Roy was in reality John's son. Nevertheless, he had made John the executor of his fortune, the Barry Trust Fund which was being held for little Roy's inheritance when he grew up. Now it was Gwen's purpose to gain control of the Fund, by any means she could.

Meanwhile, the romance between Linda and Dr. Robbie reached a point where they decided to be married, but their plans were interrupted when Robbie received an offer to do special work in South America, and the wedding was postponed until he could return.

Gwen's actions in Glendale culminated in a suit against John, in which she claimed that he was not a fit person to administer the Trust Fund, and produced a letter signed by a Dr. Klinger as proof that he was in reality the father of little Roy. Through all the scandal, Bess kept her trust in John, and even persuaded Steve Cortland to look for Dr. Klinger, hoping that he would testify against Gwen.

At the climax of the trial in Glendale, Steve was successful in his search, and returned with Klinger, who testified that Gwen's letter, supposedly signed by him, was a forgery. This completely smashed Gwen's case against John, and she left town, exhibiting her real lack of interest in little Roy by telling John that since he seemed so concerned over Roy he could have him.

BESS and John then went ahead with their plans for being married on Christmas Day, but once again they met disappointment. Steve came to John with an order from the government in Washington, sending them both to the Island of Santo Rico, near South America, to investigate an important airplane project there. John, while hating to let anything interfere with his marriage to Bess, felt that his duty to the government was so great that he couldn't refuse to go—so once more the wedding was postponed.

Now pick up the thrilling events of Hilltop House on CBS, daily except Saturday and Sunday.

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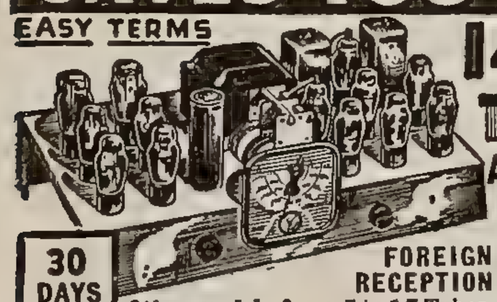

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What the "Other Woman" Taught Me

(*Continued from page* 11)

and Roger told me he wouldn't be able to come home for dinner, because he had a recording to make. We lived in the suburbs, and it was an hour's train ride to New York, so his excuse was perfectly logical. But to me, just then, quite unbelievable.

Some of that disbelief must have been in my voice when I answered, "Oh, Roger, another recording? Well, what time will you be home?"

"Why—not late," he said. "Why? You'll be all right, won't you?"

"Of course, dear," I managed to say. "Get home as soon as you can."

Bruce and I had dinner together—an unusual treat for him, which he welcomed with five-year-old cries of glee, because he usually had it with his nurse in his own room. I never believed in letting children dominate their parents' lives, but since I was alone anyway there was no reason I shouldn't have Bruce with me. I'm afraid I wasn't very good company for him, though. I couldn't put my mind on the task of talking to him, and before dinner was over he was watching me with wide, puzzled baby eyes. A little conscience-stricken, I took him into the living room afterwards and told him a long story before I put him to bed.

THEN I went to my own room. I put on my sheerest nightgown, and over it a negligee of pale blue that set off my eyes of a deeper color and my dull-gold hair. I touched my wrists and behind my ears with perfume, and carefully made up my face—not too much, just enough to heighten my natural color. After that I went downstairs, where a cheerful fire was blazing in the living room, and curled up with a book.

Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—eleven—almost midnight. At last I heard Roger's key in the lock, his step in the hall; and then he was coming toward me.

It flashed through my mind that I hadn't really looked at Roger for a long time. I'd forgotten how tall he was, and how handsome. He had thick dark hair, and heavy black brows over blue eyes, which gave him a rather stern expression except when he smiled, and then all the severity vanished and he seemed a delighted, rather mischievous boy. But I remembered, just then, that I hadn't seen that smile for some time.

He leaned over and kissed me. Perfunctorily. But I held him there a moment longer than he would have stayed of his own will, and it seemed to me that he pulled away from me.

"Hello, darling," I said. "I'm glad you're home—I missed you." I knew it was a stupid remark—he'd been late getting home before, and I'd never said I missed him—but I couldn't think of anything else to say. I felt a strange shyness with him. Because I had stumbled upon his secret, he no longer was my husband, whom I knew so well, but an inscrutable human being.

"Whew!" he said wearily, taking off his coat. "It's been some day. Let's go to bed, Jean. I'm tired."

"Poor baby," I said sympathetically. "But wait a minute. Sit down and

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let me fix you a drink, and you can sit back and relax."

He gave me a brief, insincere smile. "All right. It *will* be good."

A moment later, with a highball glass in his hand and his pipe lighted, he leaned back comfortably in the davenport. Beside him, I rested my head against his shoulder, and after a moment he set his glass down and put his arm around me.

"Remember Bermuda, Roger?" I asked softly. "I got to thinking about it tonight—about the wonderful time we had there. I'd like to go back some time, wouldn't you?"

"Umm," he said, in a sound that might have been one of agreement.

I pressed closer to him, rubbing my cheek against the rough material of his coat, then tilting my head back so my lips lay against his jaw, moved upward to his mouth. He turned and kissed me; but the kiss was cool, impersonal.

"Glad to see the old man at home?" he asked, and at the unexpected tenderness in his voice I said eagerly, "Oh, so glad! Oh, Roger, Roger darling. . . ." And now I had thrown restraint away. For the first time in my life I was making love to my husband. For the first time, I was the pursuer, not he.

HE didn't move a muscle. Physically, he was still there in my arms. But spiritually, I could feel him drawing away from me in embarrassment. For a tiny bit of time we sat there, our wills in a silent struggle. Then he shifted his position.

Silently, I moved away from him. I could feel my cheeks burning, and I turned away a little so he couldn't see my eyes.

For a few minutes, we stayed there, talking, while he finished his drink. Then we went upstairs, outwardly friendly and casual. But he knew, and I knew, that I had offered him my love and been refused.

We undressed quietly and went to bed. I lay awake a long time, and somehow I knew that he was awake too—but though his bed was only a few inches from mine, it might have been miles away. Too many miles for me to bridge with my voice.

The next day I reached a decision. I could not fight in the dark this way. I must see Judith Moore!

Even now, I don't quite know all the motives that led me to that resolve. Mostly, I think it was instinct—the jungle instinct to meet one's enemy in open battle. But I have to admit that curiosity entered into it, too. I *had* to find out what kind of a girl had enslaved my husband.

I drove into town in the afternoon, leaving word that I was going shopping and would probably not be back for dinner. And as I drove I rehearsed what I would say to Judith Moore. I would be calm, but she couldn't help seeing that I meant what I said:

"I just came to tell you to stay away from my husband. I don't know what you expect to accomplish—I suppose you and he think you're in love. But I'll never give him a divorce, if that's what you're thinking of. And if you aren't interested in marrying him—" I'd make her feel my scorn here—"if you're willing to enter into some other kind of relationship with him, I simply wanted to tell you that I know all about it. And it has to stop, or I'll sue you for alienation of affections."

That was my real trump card. I knew how quickly a sponsor—any sponsor at all—would react to a scandal of that sort. He'd fire her at once. And Miss Judith Moore must know that too.

Would I carry out a threat like that? I didn't know. That was a question that could be answered later. The main thing now was to make the threat.

It would have been easy enough to meet Judith Moore at the studio, but there I would also have seen Roger, so I called a friend of mine at the advertising agency which produced the radio program, and learned her address and telephone number. About five o'clock I telephoned her there. Of course, perhaps she wouldn't be home, or Roger might even be with her, but those were chances I would have to take.

But she was at home, and alone. She hesitated, when I told her my name, and added, "I'd like to come up and see you for a moment, if it's convenient." Then she said, in her warm, slightly husky voice:

"Of course! Won't you come up now?"

It was hardly the answer I had expected, and on the way to her apartment house near the East River I decided she might be more clever than I had thought. Her coolness angered me so much that instead of being a little nervous, as I had thought I might be, I was almost looking forward to the meeting.

She opened the door herself. It was dark in the foyer of her apartment, and my first impression was only of a small, energetic figure who swung the door wide and beckoned me in with a generous gesture of her hand. Then we were in the living room—and I stopped, staring.

"Are—are you Judith Moore?" I stammered.

BECAUSE she was plain! There was none of the beauty I had expected to see in the pert, sharp-featured face before me. She'd been reading, and in one hand she held a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles; with them on she would have looked exactly like an earnest young school teacher. She wore almost no make-up, her brown hair was combed simply back into a short, neat bob, and her tailored suit, though it was a model of smartness, was also eminently practical.

Her eyes were twinkling with a secret amusement now as she answered my question with a simple, "Of course. And you're Roger's wife, aren't you?"

How coolly she introduced his name into the conversation—and his first name, at that! But my anger was mixed with confusion now. To cover it, I took refuge in my prepared speech:

"Miss Moore, I've come here to tell you that I know about you and Roger. I—"

She interrupted me quickly: "He told you?"

I didn't want to explain things to this woman, but something made me say, "No. I guessed. I heard you and him on the air yesterday."

Surprisingly, she nodded. "Oh, yes. Of course, then, you couldn't help knowing. But I didn't think he could have told you—because, you see, we've never spoken of—of being in love ourselves."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"I don't care in the least whether

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you believe it or not. I'm simply telling you: not one word or action of love has ever passed between Roger and me. Not that I would be ashamed if any had," she ended shortly.

"But you admit that he's in love with you—or thinks he is?" I pursued.

"Yes—I know he is. And to cut the cross-examination short, I'm in love with him."

"Then," I said, "I only want to tell you this: I won't get a divorce, ever. But, if necessary, I'm perfectly willing to sue you for alienation of affections."

She looked at me hard for a few seconds. "Do you know," she said slowly, "I really believe you would. . . . Sit down, and let's talk this over. Would you like a drink?"

"No, thank you."

We sat down, facing each other, in two chairs which stood by the big window, overlooking the river. I thought, now, that I had frightened her, but her next calm words killed that impression.

"You must be quite a fool," she said. "You know that a scandal would ruin Roger's career just as much as it would mine. And then what would become of your nice house, your servants, your car?"

"Do you think that's all my marriage means to me?" I said angrily.

"Yes," she replied. "Yes, I do. . . ."

I couldn't understand why, but suddenly our positions had been reversed. Now she was attacking me, and I was on the defensive.

"LOOK here, Miss Moore," I said, "Roger and I have been happy for ten years. I've been a good wife to him. I've made him a good home, I've kept myself looking well, so he could be proud of me. We have a boy we both love. You can't blame me if I resent you—if I am angry when you walk in and upset all I've carefully built up."

"Are you sure Roger was happy until I came along?" Her voice was very quiet.

"Of course I'm sure!"

"He wasn't. If he had been, he wouldn't have looked twice at me, because Roger loves beauty and I'm—well, I'm plain, to say the least. He must have fallen in love with you, in the first place, for your beauty. But—

"Oh, you beautiful women make me sick!" she said suddenly, with an angry little motion of her head. "Just looking at you—perfectly dressed, perfectly done up—I can practically give you a history of your married life. You're vain. You're proud. And you think your beauty is something a man has to pay for. Somehow or other, you've got the idea that just for the privilege of possessing you a man ought to be glad to pay all your bills. And then you expect him to be faithful besides! It's too much to expect for something that isn't even to your credit to begin with!"

After this outburst she fumbled in a box on the table beside her, drew out a cigarette, and lit it, keeping her eyes away from mine.

I knew, deep down in my heart, that she had spoken the truth. For the first time in my life, someone had looked into my character and told me what she saw there.

"I'm sorry," she said a little sulkily. "I didn't mean to fly off the handle. Only—I do love Roger. I want him

(*Continued on page 81*)

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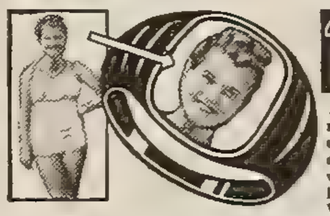

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Photoplay Presents Its Great New Feature

The MOVIE Book of the Month

Nearly everybody enjoys seeing on the screen stories they have read and liked. Nearly everybody likes to read stories they have seen upon the screen and enjoyed. The editors of Photoplay recognize this fact and have done something about it that should please you immensely. Beginning with the February issue on sale January 10th, each issue of Photoplay will contain a complete full length classical or popular novel from which a current motion picture was taken—many thousands of words of thrill, suspense, drama, added to a magazine already filled with grippingly interesting Hollywood lore.

Scene from Warner Bros. Current Picture "WE ARE NOT ALONE"

COMPLETE in February Photoplay

The first of Photoplay's Movie Books of the Month is James Hilton's powerful novel "We Are Not Alone," recently produced and released by Warner Bros., starring Paul Muni and Jane Bryan. You may have seen it already or you may be planning to see it at the first opportunity. In either event it will be a decided pleasure to read the gripping novel from which the picture was created.

Buy your copy of the February Photoplay today. Read James Hilton's great novel, study the Hollywood styles that make Photoplay the recognized style authority of America, read its penetrating, informative articles, its thrilling and heart-warming stories, revel in its wealth of exclusive Hollywood photographs, its striking color effects and you will understand why millions of appreciative readers look upon Photoplay as the aristocrat of motion picture magazines. Recognize it by its gorgeous cover — Clark Gable as Rhett Butler in Selznick's great production "Gone with the Wind."

Highlights of the February Issue

"We Are Not Alone," complete novel by James Hilton ☆ Myrna Loy and Bill Powell Tell on Each Other ☆ "How the Movies Can Help Keep Us Out of War" by Eleanor Roosevelt ☆ Hollywood Fashions starring Madeleine Carroll ☆ "Rhett Butler, Vivien Leigh and Me" by Clark Gable ☆ Roundup of Neglected People including Ilona Massey, Lee Bowman, Helen Gilbert, Thomas Mitchell, and others and many other special features, stories and departments.

On Sale Wednesday, January 10

(*Continued from page* 79)

to be happy. If I thought I could get away with it, I'd take him away from you, but Roger's fine, and honest and clean. He wouldn't be happy, knowing that he'd thrown you and the little boy over. You've kicked him around for ten years now, and he doesn't really know it yet. He blames *himself* for falling in love with me, not the person he ought to blame—you. I'd never be able to persuade him that it was your fault, either, because these are things only a woman understands. He wouldn't even know why you came here today. He'd think it was because you loved him—not just because you didn't want to lose something that belonged to you."

"That's not true!" I cried. "No matter what else you say about me—at least that isn't true! I do love Roger! I wouldn't want to live without him!"

There was a long silence, while I heard my own words ringing in my ears and knew I had spoken the truth. I *did* love Roger. At this moment I loved him more than ever before.

She crushed out her cigarette. "Then," she said flatly, "I'm through, I guess. You needn't be afraid of me."

"You make me feel very humble," I said.

"That's what I mean," she said quickly. "You had everything a wife should have—beauty, brains, charm—except humility. That's all you lacked, and if you have it now, why—why—" she laughed in a choked sort of way—"you're practically perfect."

I GOT up to go, and held out my hand. "I can't thank you for what you've done," I said.

"You shouldn't. It's Roger who should do the thanking."

"I won't forget anything you've said, either."

"You'd better not," she said with another laugh—this time a more natural one. "Because I'll still be around, and I guess I'll still be loving Roger. Only I promise you—he won't know it."

My mind whirled as I drove home. I could see so many things clearly now, illuminated by the spotlight of Judith Moore's honest mind. Little things I had done to Roger, and big things too. Times I had made him feel how lucky he was to possess such loveliness. The selfish way I insisted upon keeping little Bruce in the background. My refusal to have another child. So many ways I had failed.

I felt deadly tired, almost ill as I turned the car into the driveway of our home. A light shone from the living room window, and the smell of burning logs drifted down from the chimney. I stopped the car and ran up the steps, through the front door, paused on the threshold of the room where Roger and Bruce sat before the fire.

Suddenly everything seemed real again, and Roger and my baby the most real of all—real, and greatly loved. A sob rose in my throat and I couldn't speak. I could only run to Roger and throw my arms around him, clinging tightly while I cried as if my heart would break.

It was the first time he had ever seen me in such a storm of weeping, and he must have been terribly puzzled. But perhaps Judith had called him—for somehow he understood, and stroked my hair with his gentle hand, and kissed me, and whispered tenderly against my cheek.

BEATING THE MEAT BILL

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THE RIGHT WAY to Beauty

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

■ The right way is the simple way, says Rachel Carlay, vivacious French singer.

AMERICAN women are admittedly the best groomed in the world. Also the busiest. In fact it seems that the women whose days are most crowded with activity are the very ones who make a fine art of looking their best.

The secret is, of course, that women who must plan every instant of their time develop simple, intelligent routines of beauty culture and stick to them. The difference between the time it takes to be merely decent and the time it takes to achieve maximum attractiveness is only a few minutes.

Rachel Carlay thinks so, and no one could be busier than this sparkling radio star. Yet when I saw her at the end of a hectic day she was at her loveliest—and that is very lovely indeed. Miss Carlay is a real American in feeling, although she was born in Belgium and educated in Paris where she made her debut at the Opera. She sang also at the Folies Bergeres, and at the Opera Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels. Earl Carroll brought her to this country, and she has sung with Rudy Vallee. She is a versatile and accomplished musician. If she were not, she could never have achieved the most impossible task of adapting her powerful and brilliant operatic soprano to radio, toning it down to soft and colorful mezzo which so delights her fans on the Manhattan Merry Go Round broadcasts Sunday nights over NBC. She sang a song for me both ways—as she would sing it for radio, and as she would sing it for opera. I could hardly believe it was the same singer.

The secret that Rachel Carlay and other busy but well-groomed women have discovered is that it takes no longer to do a thing right than it takes to do it wrong.

Consider the care of the teeth, for instance. We brush them two or three times a day. The wrong way does more harm than good. Industrious scrubbing, and brushing into the gum, tend to push the gum back and actually to wear away the enamel. Old and moist toothbrushes carry infection. Harsh dentifrices are harmful.

The right way is simple. Have two toothbrushes, and always use the dry one. Change your toothbrushes every month or so. Choose a good dentifrice. There are plenty of excellent ones—powder, paste, and the new liquid ones which leave your mouth feeling so refreshed.

Brush in the direction your teeth grow. Place the bristles on the gum, and sweep down on the upper gum and teeth, up on the lower. Use a brushing-out motion. Scrub only the cutting surface of the teeth.

Remember that the object is not merely to clean the outside surface of the teeth, but to massage the gums and clean between the teeth. Do not forget to brush the inside of the teeth, also. We clean our teeth carefully for three reasons: for health, for the appearance of the teeth, and to keep the breath sweet.

Proper dental routines take no additional time. Proper make-up routines actually save time, because the make-up stays on. There are some women who are always fussing with rouge and lipstick. The knowing ones make up for the day and apply nothing but a little powder until the time for evening make-up. Here's how they do it.

First cleanse the face and neck with cleansing cream followed by soap and water. Next your powder base. Now take a little lipstick and soften it between thumb and forefinger. Use it as a cream rouge, blending carefully with the powder base. Now apply liquid lipstick to the lips—it has marvelous staying qualities. Over the liquid lipstick apply your usual lipstick. Now, it's practically indestructible.

Powder, apply your usual rouge, and powder again, very lightly. Now you are set for the day. Repeat the process for your evening make-up.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

What Do You Want To Say?

(*Continued from page* 3)

THIRD PRIZE

THE BITTER SIDE OF RADIO

Every one sings radio's praises, and well they can. However, like everything else there is always the bitter side. To me, radio is almost a curse, with my son of school age fairly glued to it every moment.

In my childhood, mothers did not have radios to contend with in raising their children, but perhaps the worldliness which I must admit my son acquires through radio, and the self control which he eventually will have to exercise in order to tear himself away from it, for the more important business of school work, will make him a finer man.

I maintain if tuning constantly will make of him a successful radio announcer, I will give in to his wishes and let him continue his merry way. —Mrs. Faun Fogel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZE

THOSE DAYTIME SERIALS AGAIN!

I sincerely believe that I am an average American woman. I listen to the radio while I cook, iron, sew, etc., for relaxation and entertainment. And in the ensuing atmosphere of savage gorillas, gangsters, kidnappings, murders and attempted mob violence, with hysterical women and intolerant, mentally under-developed men as the chief characters, I scorch my clothes, or iron wrinkles into instead of out of them; my thread tangles into knots and breaks; my food cooks dry; and by the time my husband comes home from work I am as silly and screaming a nitwit as ever graced a daily radio drama.

Program directors, have a heart and protect your own sex from a domestic repeat in the home! If we must have radio dramas in the daytime why can't they be as frankly silly as Toby and Susie, or as humorously real as Vic and Sade?—Mrs. C. A. Hanson, Oakland, Neb.

FIFTH PRIZE

WHEN IS A GROUCH NOT A GROUCH?

When you have to get up early in the morning, you have a right to be grouchy. Haven't you? I don't know why not. And what could be more aggravating to that grouch than to hear someone on the radio being a little ray of sunshine?

But this Larry Elliott has a different effect. He grouches because he has to get up so early. He grouches because he has to sleep in the studio and then he turns around and grouches because he couldn't sleep there. One day he grouches because he had to make his own coffee; the next day he grouches because there wasn't any coffee to make.

The result is that, in spite of yourself, you can't help be glad you're not such a wretched mortal as one Larry Elliott, and so you start your day's work with your face shining like the mid-day sun.—Alta M. Toepp, Sloatsburg, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE

WHAT A MAN!

John J. Anthony—what a man!

I think it is perfectly uncanny how he can grasp a person's whole life by a few questions and promptings, and lead him or her on to a safer, healthier, happier life—on the spur of the moment—and usually in such a manner that he leads the person to make his or her own decision—in such a way that they really think they decided for themselves—when it was really all his doing!—Miss Thora Eigenmann, San Diego, Calif.

SEVENTH PRIZE

DELIGHTFUL TO HEAR

Tuning in on Alec Templeton Time is assurance one will hear music, not as heard last night and the night before, but melodic impressions which are different, clever, unique.

His flair for mimicry and subtle travesty are a source of delight—refreshing, captivating. For artistry as amazing as his perception is keen, a medal of merit to ALEC TEMPLETON.—Mary E. Lauber, Phila., Pa.

Herbert Marshall's Love Tangle

(*Continued from page* 39)

was delightful and exciting.

During this come-back in the theater, he met Edna Best. She had that extreme springtime freshness that sometimes comes to English girls, all clear, well-scrubbed skin, and shining brown hair and sturdy health and naturalness. Bart fell instantly in love with her. His debonair, ardent wooing easily captured her unworldly heart.

He might have tried to hide his love for Edna from Mollie. That would have been the natural, somewhat cowardly, and completely uncharacteristic thing to do. Instead, he went to Mollie, made a clean breast of things, and asked for his freedom. He and Edna were married on November 26, 1928.

Talkies came into Hollywood and the stock market crashed a year after that, but the triumphant Herbert Marshalls were in enormous demand and, commuting back and forth between New York and London, they hardly noticed that. They were so in love. They played their love scenes every night and two matinees a week for the world, and played them at home every morning. Then the twins came. Babies really ruin speeches. Babies are literal. They have to be washed, fed, and put to sleep regularly. Telling them they're darlings just doesn't mean a thing to them. With Edna busy in the role of the delighted young mother, Bart went alone into pictures.

Bart was an immediate success in Hollywood. He liked the place and the people and the profession, and he urged Edna to get into movies too. Edna, in London, agreed more because she wanted to be with Bart than because she had any particular

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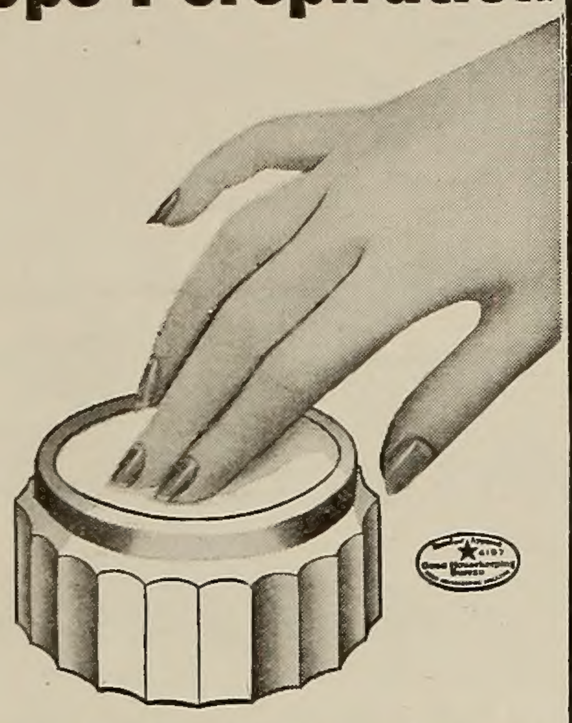

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picture ambitions. She came to America and got a part opposite Jack Gilbert, but just after she signed the contract Bart was called back to Broadway and she couldn't stand being further separated from him. She committed the unpardonable sin of troupers—walked off the picture and followed him East.

Hollywood laughed indulgently, really loving such a romantic situation. But it didn't allow sentiment to interfere with business, and it did not again cast her in a picture until Bill Powell was making his final one at Warner Brothers. They brought Edna Best back from London to play in that one.

THEY should have let her stay in England.

For the whispers were just beginning about Bart's romance with Gloria Swanson and Edna's white, defeated face revealed that she had heard them.

Something had happened to the Marshall marriage. That something, of course, was that it had grown past the stage of romance, into the stage where Bart could not or would not follow it.

In Gloria Swanson he met his counterpart. Gloria has been married and divorced some four times, has borne two children and adopted a third. She is wise and witty, feminine and charming. Like Bart, she too retains to an astonishing degree the illusion of perennial youth.

Gloria, but this didn't mean that he and Edna picked up their life together where they'd left off. Bart stayed in Hollywood, Edna returned to London where she worked on the stage and in pictures. They were good friends—but they weren't man and wife.

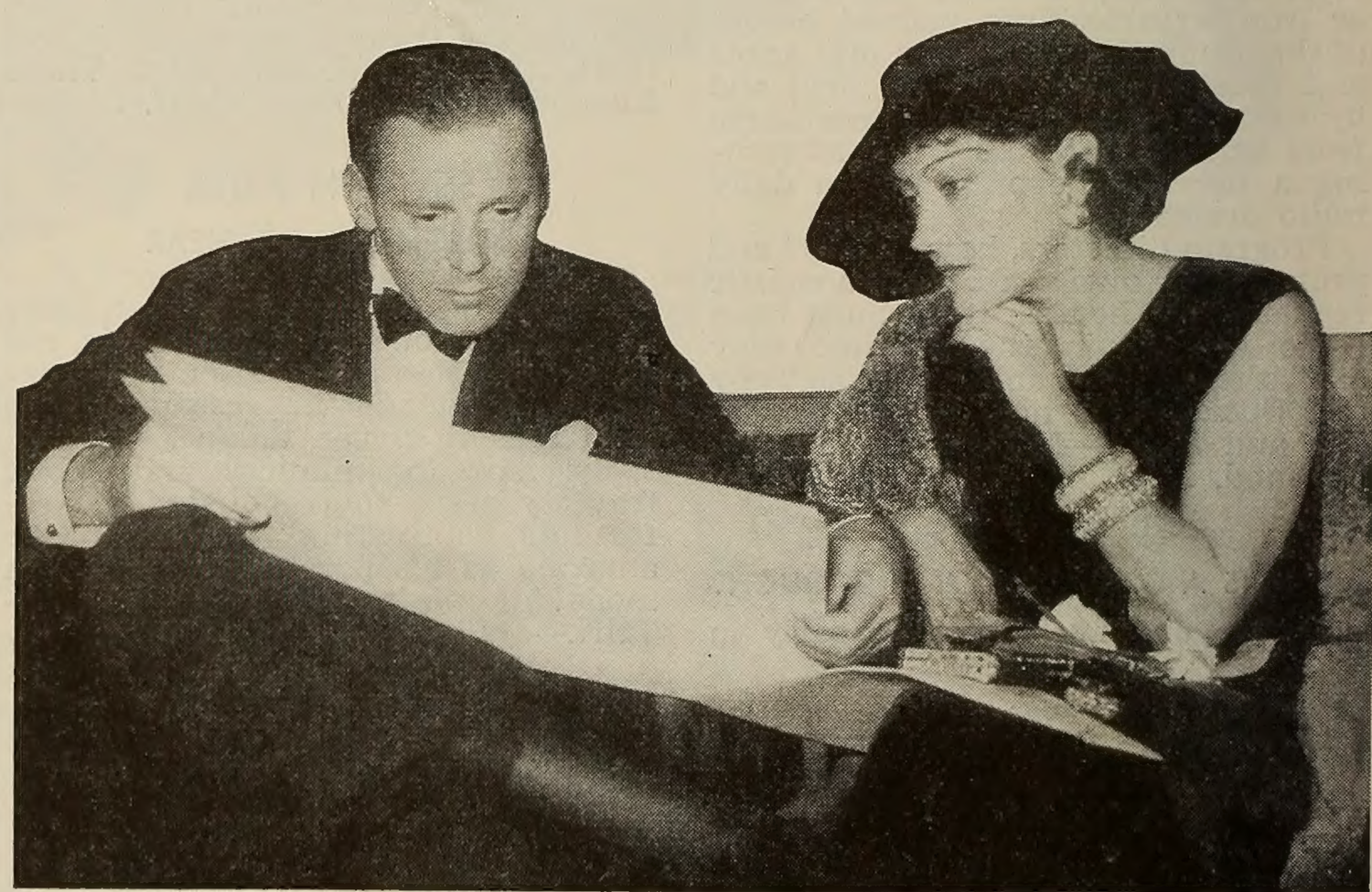
That, then, was the situation when Bart met and fell in love with Lee Russell. For more than a year now Lee has had full possession of Bart's volatile heart.

Edna came to Hollywood most recently to play opposite Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo," but appearing in a picture was probably the least important thing that happened to her on that visit. She also met Nat Wolff, who is neither handsome nor dashing, but who is dependable and visibly much in love with her. She made the decision, too, to divorce Bart and marry Wolff, while Lee Russell becomes the third Mrs. Marshall. That, at least, is what will happen unless all present plans fail.

Nat and Edna, I believe, will live happily ever after. For Nat seems to love as the rest of us love, with that candor of wanting just to be near a person, to comfort and protect, to give and to worship. That is the kind of love Edna wants and needs now—the quiet satisfaction of his dependability.

Undoubtedly Bart, as their good friend, will approve of all that. He probably will never imitate it. Because he's still the romantic, the pursuer of the ideal, and will be, I have no doubt, until the day he dies. Don't condemn him, please. Let him be the dreamer that he must be—if only to show by contrast to his romantic search how comforting it is to be average.

And give him this enormous credit: he has loved his ladies so greatly, so well, that he has left them friends.



In Gloria Swanson, Bart met his counterpart. She is wise, witty, feminine and charming. Like Bart, she too retains to an astonishing degree the illusion of perennial youth. Here they are in one of the pictures taken while their romance seemed on the point of culminating in marriage—but Bart fell out of love again.

Once more, Bart went to his wife and told her frankly that he was in love with someone else, only this time the wife was Edna. He probably didn't recall that he'd played this same role before, and possibly Edna wasn't aware that she was playing Mollie's. But she waited, and while she waited she saw Bart fall out of love again. He fell out of love with

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